

## THE CANON OF ST. VINCENT OF LERINS

**M**R. REGINALD STEWART MOXON, headmaster of Lincoln School, has contributed to Canon Mason's series of Cambridge Patristic Texts an edition of the famous Commonitorium of St. Vincent of Lerins, in which the Latin text is given accompanied by footnotes of the same kind as are usual in the editions of the great classical authors. It is a thing that had not been done to any extent for the Fathers of the Church, until Canon Mason's series took up the idea, and it is now done for the first time for this treatise of St. Vincent, which is well chosen for that attention in view of its importance in religious discussion. Besides the footnotes on points of detail the author has added some introductory sections, in which he discusses the Latinity and style of the Commonitorium, the character of its Biblical quotations, and the history of the text, together with three historical questions that arise in connexion with it, namely, the relation of some of its doctrinal statements to those of St. Augustine, the relationship of the Commonitorium to the *Quicunque*, and the Rule of St. Vincent, its difficulties and its bearing on the character of modern Christianity. It is the true meaning of this Vincentian Rule that we are proposing to consider now, and we must be content therefore to refer briefly to Mr. Moxon's convenient little volume, which will facilitate the task of those who are interested in this much discussed question, and will be glad of such a clear and handy edition of the text.

Let us begin by explaining shortly who St. Vincent of Lerins was. Just opposite Cannes, about three miles out to sea, lies the group of islands called the Lerins. Most of them are little more than rocks projecting from the sea, but two are of a larger size. The island of Ste. Marguerite, famous for its prison fortress, in which the Man with the Iron Mask was confined for many years, and more recently, Marshal Bazaine was confined after the war of 1870, is the largest of the group, being about three miles long and half a mile broad, and lying lengthways parallel to the Continental coast. About a mile further to the south of Ste. Marguerite, and

likewise lying parallel to the coast, is the island of St. Honorat, about a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, which is much more famous than Ste. Marguerite in view of the part it played in early Christian history. To this island, then uncultivated and uninhabited, but infested by a particularly venomous breed of snakes, came at the beginning of the fifth century a holy man of wealth and position, who had recently returned from an abortive journey to the East, where he had wished to study the manifestations of eremitical life then so much talked of. Bringing with him some followers of the same mind as himself, he settled down in the island since called by his name. They seem to have combined the eremitical with the cœnobitic life after a method then in use, the younger monks living together in community in a larger building, from which, when they were deemed sufficiently trained, they went forth to live in solitude, each by himself, in one of the numerous cells with which they studded the island. These hermits spent their days in the service of prayer and praise like their prototypes in the Nitrian desert, with whose manner of life they were familiar from the accounts given by their near neighbour and friend, Cassian of Massilia; and they combined with these spiritual exercises the labour of the fields, by their industry in which they gradually changed their once desolate abode into a smiling and fruitful paradise. Nor were the fields of the mind left uncultivated by these ardent apostles of religious life in the West, for their intelligences were as active as their hands, and Lerins, in no long time, acquired a widely diffused reputation for sacred and even for secular learning. They were in constant intercourse with the leaders of the religious thought of their time, some of whom were fond of making visits to the island to profit by contact with the spirit of its sons. Some of the latter, too, thus became known on the adjoining continent, and were sought out to occupy its episcopal sees. Thus St. Honoratus himself became Bishop of Arles, and as such Papal Vicar for the Church of Gaul; St. Hilary likewise of Arles, Faustus of Reiz, Lupus of Troyes, Eucherius of Lyons, and, about a century later, St. Cæsarius, likewise chosen for the See of Arles, were gifts of Lerins which its School contributed to the building up of the episcopate of Gaul, during that critical period when the Northern invaders were flocking into the fair provinces of Western Europe, there to yield themselves to the sweet yoke of the Gospel and form the first generation of the popula-

tions of Western Christianity. Among the visitors who sought out Lerins for its spiritual advantages one must not omit at least a mention of St. Patrick, who spent some eight years there whilst preparing himself for the mission to the Irish race, to which he was shortly to be set aside by Pope St. Cœlestine. Those years spent amidst a race of saintly hermits during the very time when Honoratus was Abbot, and men like St. Vincent, Hilary and Salvian were foremost members of the body, must have left their stamp on St. Patrick's mind, of which we may see the trace in the sentence in his Confession, in which he expresses his longings "to see again the faces of God's Saints in Gaul." St. Lupus, who, with St. Germanus of Auxerre, was sent over to Britain to recover the Celts, who were then its inhabitants, from the heresy of Pelagianism, had been a monk of Lerins before he was made Bishop of Troyes, and may well have been on the island with St. Patrick during the earlier part of his stay there. And St. Germanus, who was chiefly instrumental in urging Pope Cœlestine to send to Ireland its destined apostle, though Auxerre was far removed from Lerins, probably knew the monks of Lerins, as he must have often stayed at Arles, then the capital of Gaul, indeed, according to his Confession, it was to Arles that Patrick went to seek him after finishing his stay at Lerins, and shortly before his visit to St. Cœlestine. Other associations which connect Lerins with the history of these northern islands, occur to the mind, but we must be content just to mention that St. Augustine passed through Lerins on his way to England. And Benedict Biscop, of Jarrow fame, made there his noviceship preparatory to entering the Benedictine Order.

St. Vincent, the author of the *Commonitorium*, though he never went beyond priest's orders, was a prominent member of the Lerins community, indeed, in view of the hold which his treatise, and its famous Rule, obtained over the minds of his posterity, the best known of them all. We do not, it is true, find much reference to it in the writings of those who lived nearer to his time, but later on it became, as Bardenhewer truly says, "a household word in Catholic Theology." One last fact must be told of the School of Lerins before we pass on to consider this Vincentian Rule. This School, to some extent, and not altogether without reason, fell under the suspicion of semi-Pelagianism. Cassian, the author of the *Collations*, who lived in close relations with the monks,

is regarded as the first propounder of this doctrine, the purport of which was that, although grace was needed to aid man in working out his salvation, the initial desire for conversion came from the unaided powers of the human will, and that it was in response to this that supernatural grace was given. Not all the monks of Lerins shared this view, but Faustus, who was Abbot at the time when Vincent wrote, is convicted by his writings of having inclined that way, and there are passages in the *Commonitorium* which were claimed by St. Prosper of Aquitaine as convicting Vincent of the same. Still, though this doctrine is at variance with the teaching of St. Paul (*cf.* Rom. ix. 16), and was condemned formally at the Second Council of Orange about a hundred years later, it could be held in perfect innocence by the Lerins monks at the time when the *Commonitorium* was written. The question was subtle, and at that earlier date had not as yet been fully thought out.

The first sentence of the *Commonitorium* is "*Incipit tractatus Peregrini pro Catholicae Fidei antiquitate et universitate adversus profanas omnium haereticorum novitates,*" and this, though apparently not written by Vincent but by some one who edited his MS. after his death, faithfully describes it; and the express wording of the sentence in which he claims that "the time of writing was opportune in view of the deceptiveness of the new heretics which demands much care and attention," proves that it was contemporary heretics he had chiefly in view, though the nature of his argument was such as to apply to heretics of all times and places. The rule that he lays down for distinguishing between Catholic truth and heretical pravity he declares that he had received from "many persons remarkable for their holiness and learning, as a general and guiding principle (*regula*)."<sup>1</sup> This rule was that, "Should I or any one else desire to detect the frauds of heretics when they come forward, and to avoid their snares, whilst abiding whole and sound in the sound faith, one must with the help of the Lord fortify one's faith in two ways, *first by the authority of the divine law (i.e., of Holy Scripture), and then by the tradition of the Catholic Church.*" He goes on to anticipate an objection by asking, "inasmuch as the rule of Scripture is perfect, and not only sufficient of itself, but even superabundantly sufficient, what need can there be of supplementing [Scripture] by the authority of ecclesiastical intelligence?" He answers "that because of its very sub-



limity its words are wont to be interpreted by different persons in different senses, so that there seem to be derived from it as many senses as there are men." He names, by way of illustration, the principal heresiarchs of Church history up to his time, Novatian, Donatus, Arius, Eunomius, Macedonius, Photinus, Apollinaris, Jovinianus, Pelagius, Cœlestius, Nestorius; and he concludes "that in the face of the many intricacies of such different forms of error, it is most necessary that the course of prophetic and apostolic interpretation should be guided by the standard of the ecclesiastical and Catholic sense." "But," he adds, "it is not only in judging of heresies that spring up outside the Church that we need such a standard of interpretation."

Within the Catholic Church itself we must take the greatest care to hold that which has been believed *everywhere, at all times, and by all*, for it is this which is truly and properly Catholic, as the meaning and character of the name itself indicates, since it denotes that which includes almost everything universally. To this, however, we shall attain, if we attach ourselves to *universality, antiquity, and consent*. Moreover, we shall attach ourselves to universality, if we confess that to be the true faith which the whole Church throughout the world confesses; to antiquity, if we depart in no whit from the meanings which it is manifest that our holy predecessors and fathers united to proclaim; and to consent, if among the ancients themselves we attach ourselves to the definitions and judgments of all, or at least of nearly all, the bishops and teachers.

This is the fundamental passage in the whole treatise, the rest of which is devoted exclusively to explanations and illustrations of what the writer means by it. What is of special interest to us in this country is that a school of Anglicans have claimed it as furnishing a decisive condemnation of the Catholic position, at all events as it is defined and adopted at the present time, and a correspondingly decisive justification of the position taken up by the High Church party in the Church of England. We might cite as evidence that this is the view—or, perhaps we should rather say, a view, held in the Anglican Church—from Newman's Anglican Lecture on *Roman Teaching neglectful of Antiquity*, in his Anglican *Via Media*; or from Dr. V. M. Stanton's *Place of Authority in Religion*; or from Dr. Casenove's article on *Vincent of Lerins* in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*; or from Mr. Moxon's Introduction to the edition of the *Commonitorium*

that lies before us; or again, from Bishop Gore's *Roman Catholic Claims*. But, inasmuch as it keeps within reasonable compass for quotation, it may suffice to quote a passage from the last-mentioned book.

Whatever is new, in substance, in Christian theology, is by that very fact proved not to be of the faith. As is admitted, says Bishop Gore, by the modern Roman Church.

"First of all," says Dr. Newman, "and in as few words as possible and *ex abundanti cautela*, every Catholic holds that the Christian dogmas were in the Church from the time of the Apostles, that they were ever in substance what they are now, that they existed before the formulas were publicly adopted, in which as time went on they were defined and recorded." Even the Montanists in ancient times, who had a theory of development in discipline, maintained the unchangeableness of the 'rule of faith.' On this subject the Reminder (*Commonitorium*) of Vincent of Lerins has been commonly taken as a summary of patristic teaching, and it is this recognised ancient text-book on the question of Church authority which elaborates the famous formula to express the true creed—that it is that which has been held in the Christian Church 'everywhere, always, and by all.' Vincent then is never weary of reiterating that novelty is the test of error, antiquity of truth. . . . An inquirer who would know the truth when any novel error tries to spread its contagion over the whole Church at once is to cling to antiquity which is quite beyond being seduced by any deception of novelty.

It appears from this passage, with which the other writers just mentioned are in agreement, that in the opinion of Bishop Gore, the three conditions specified by St. Vincent are to be *taken together*, as constituting a single but threefold test. Thus understood, this test requires that for a doctrine to be recognized as part of the Catholic Faith it is necessary to prove not only that it is held universally in the Church at the time when it is applied by members of any one generation, but also that it has been similarly held universally by all the previous generations down from the age of the apostles themselves.

What he means is that, according to St. Vincent, it must be proved by the direct evidence of statements made by the writers of one's own and of all the previous generations, that in their time the doctrine under consideration was explicitly held by all, at all events by morally all, in each previous

generation. And what is at the back of his mind is that the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility cannot be shown to have been held in the primitive ages of the Church and hence must *ipso facto* be disallowed. Others in the Anglican Church would go further and say that it is similarly impossible to prove the antiquity of the doctrines of the Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice, of the doctrine of priestly absolution, or of sacramental efficacy; others would say as much of the doctrines of original sin and of the episcopate. Each section would fix the dividing line between what was ancient and what was not to suit the exigencies of its own personal estimate of what is genuine or spurious doctrine, with the ultimate result that St. Vincent's test, thus interpreted, becomes one which is of no conceivable use,—as indeed many non-Catholic theologians have pronounced it to be.

But if we look deeper into the text of the *Commonitorium* we find that the author did not mean his three conditions to be applied each and all to each single case of inquiry into the soundness of some doctrine that presented itself. Let us hear him tell in his own words how he wishes it to be practically applied:

What then is a Catholic Christian to do if some portion of the Church cuts itself off from the communion of the universal faith? What save to prefer the soundness of the whole body to the pestiferous and corrupt member? What if some novel contagion strives to pollute not some small portion only but the whole Church? Then he should see that he adheres to antiquity which is quite beyond the liability to be misled by any fraud or novelty. What if in antiquity itself error is discovered in two or three persons, or in some single city, or even in some province? Then let him be careful to give preference to the decrees of a general council rather than to the rashness or ignorance of a few men. But what if some question arises where nothing of this kind is available? Then let him bring together, compare and scrutinize the judgments of those ancients who, though belonging to different times and places have remained in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church, and have become its approved teachers; and whatsoever he shall find that not one or two only, but all alike, with one and the same consent, have openly, frequently, and persistently held and written and taught, let him understand that he too must believe without doubt.

Here we find that the three conditions are not to be so understood as if, to prove the Catholicity of a doctrine, it were

necessary to show that it fulfils every one of the three conditions. Of course it is to the good if all three can be shown to support it, and in the Councils of the Church, inasmuch as it is best, when seeking the meaning of a proposition, to get all the evidence one can, it is usual to apply all the three tests; but each of the three is of itself sufficient, and what one must look to is to see which of them in the given circumstances is most available. We can see this quite plainly, when Vincent comes to the exemplification of his meaning, which he begins in Chapter IV. of his *Commonitorium*. Here he indicates the Donatist heresy which was not yet fully extinguished when he was writing. In this case a heresy which was confined to the province of Africa was condemned by the Fathers on the sole ground that it had opposed to it the united belief of the rest of the Catholic world. Later in the same chapter he instances the spread of Arianism, with special reference to the Council of Ariminum in 359, when the Bishops present were beguiled into signing a formula infected with Arianism. This was the episode in allusion to which St. Jerome used his well-known expression, that the "whole world groaned, and wondered to find itself Arian." Of course this was rhetorical exaggeration, as most of these Bishops had merely been deceived as to the meaning of the formula, and on being disillusioned at once proceeded to manifest the orthodoxy of their faith, and suffer courageously fearful persecutions for its sake. Vincent's point is that they fell back on the decrees of the General Council of Nicæa which, for the Bishops who sat at Ariminum, was to fall back on antiquity, in the mode assigned by Vincent (Chapter V. 8). To the exemplification of the outstanding class where the belief of antiquity, in the defect of the decrees of a General Council, is to be ascertained by the consent of Fathers taken from different times and places, Vincent does not come till he reaches the second of his *Commonitoria*, that is to say the one lost. But in the recapitulation which forms the text of Chapters XXVII—XXXIII. in Mr. Moxon's, as indeed in most of the current editions, this last category is instanced. Here he says in the beginning of Chapter XXVIII. 39: "I am called upon to show by examples how the profane novelties of the heretics are to be detected and condemned by comparing the consentient judgments of the Ancient Fathers." The example taken is of the procedure followed by the Fathers at the General Council of Ephesus,

held just three years before the writing of the *Commonitorium*, in regard to the heresy of Nestorius. They brought together and compared with one another the writings of three such groups of much venerated teachers of the past; of St. Peter, of St. Athanasius, of St. Theophilus, and of St. Cyril, patriarchs in succession of the See of Alexandria; of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Basil, and of his brother St. Gregory of Nyssen; and, to represent the West, of St. Felix and St. Julius, Bishops of Rome, together with St. Ambrose, St. Cyprian, and St. Capreolus, the successor of St. Cyprian at Carthage (Chapters XXIX., XXX). It was on the basis of the testimony rendered by these witnesses to the faith of the Church in their respective times, that the Bishops at the Council of Ephesus, in 431, rested their condemnation of the doctrine of Nestorius.

It may seem incomprehensible to men like Bishop Gore and Mr. Moxon that the sole fact of a certain belief, or system of beliefs, prevailing in the Catholic Church at some one stage of its existence, should be accepted as decisive proof that belief in such doctrines dates back to the time of the apostles, who alone were by divine selection the organs of the revelation deposited in the Catholic Church. Surely, they would say, it must be necessary to trace the line of direct testimonies to the acceptance of these doctrines through the extant literature of all the intervening periods. But this is because they do not grasp the meaning Catholicism attaches to the term "tradition."

Thus Mr. Moxon writes in his *Introduction*, p. xl.:

That some tradition more or less trustworthy, regarding what the Apostles said, must have existed in the second century, apart from the records of Scripture, can hardly be doubted, and this if it existed to-day would certainly shed much light on a good many debated points. . . . But, whatever oral tradition there may have been in the days of Clement and Origen, it could scarcely have survived till now, nor, if it had survived would it be possible to-day to distinguish the true from the false. . . . There is no definiteness, no fixity about unwritten tradition. No authentic declaration ever has been or ever could be issued as to its extent and scope. In fact it must necessarily be of so vague and illusory a nature that the assertion first made at the Council of Trent, in 1546, that oral tradition is of equal authority with the Scriptures scarcely needs refutation now.

But the cherishing of reminiscences such as those to be found in Clement of Alexandria and Origen are not at all what Catholic theologians mean by tradition, when they define it to be on a par with Holy Scripture, as an authentic channel by which the divinely-revealed doctrines and the divinely-ordained institutions of the Christian religion are handed down from one generation to another. No one would deny that, at all events, in its first stage, these doctrines and institutions were communicated to the Christian people by oral preaching or teaching, or that provision was made for the continuance of this method of transmission to future ages by instituting an organized body of teachers to succeed in the place of the apostles, one generation of them after another, and teach as they had done to the generations that formed their flocks. It is the matter of this teaching, in all its completeness, which the Catholic Councils and theological treatises designate by the term tradition. Much of it was written down, especially in the later ages, but such writings never attained to the fullness of the oral tradition itself. Quite apart from these other ecclesiastical writings, which multiplied and became fuller as time ran on, there came into existence in due time certain inspired writings, which being such, held a privileged position in the Church, and became surpassingly precious aids in the hands of the Christian teacher and the Christian hearer. But this did not change the system which by divine appointment had been in existence from the first; and, as for its interpretation of its text, that interpretation was obviously correct which brought it into harmony with the doctrines and institutions taught and upheld by the authorized ministers or teachers. It is in this sense that the tradition of the Church helps to explain the text of Scripture, and not, as Mr. Moxon seems to think, in the sense that the Church is in possession of a sort of complete and absolutely correct commentary of the whole of the inspired text. Save for occasional "dogmatic" texts such as Matt. xvi. 16, Matt. xxv. 26—28, the Catholic student is left to the ordinary rules of hermeneutics, except for the guidance with which the knowledge of Catholic doctrine received through tradition furnishes him.

Such is Catholic Tradition as understood by the Catholic Church. And in the light of this conception it is intelligible how Vincent can lay down that the universality of acceptance of a religious doctrine at any one time of the Church's history is a fact of itself sufficient to establish its



primitiveness and hence its apostolic origin and revealed character. A Catholic sees at once not only that this is Vincent's meaning, which indeed is too clear for any one to miss, but that in expressing it he is speaking in complete conformity with what is to be found in other patristic writers, for instance, in St. Irenæus or St. Augustine, as well as with the consent of theologians and even authentic decrees of Councils in the later period. For these all understand that our Lord by His promise to be with His Church till the consummation of the world, and to send His Holy Spirit to guide it through the ages and lead it into all truth, gave it a divine assurance which covered the protection of its tradition in such wise that at no stage of its course would this tradition be permitted to corrupt so as to become the instrument for involving the whole world in the contagion of heresy? If Bishop Gore finds this hard to understand, it appears to be because, as his IVth Excursus to his *Roman Catholic Claims* shows, he has—unconsciously, no doubt—persuaded himself that even the omnipotence of God does not render it possible for Him to protect a religious tradition from the natural tendency to corrupt which is so discernible in unprotected traditions, such as that of Buddhism, which Bishop Gore strangely adduces as if it helped to prove his point.

There is another essential point to be considered in connexion with the meaning of St. Vincent's Rule. Cardinal Franzelin has noted that this Rule "is true in its positive sense (namely, so far as it claims that doctrines that have been taught *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus* (are of faith), but cannot be admitted in a negative or exclusive sense (namely, in the sense that doctrines that have not been taught *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus* can be of faith). "It is contrary," he adds, "to the whole economy of the faith [to say] that only those things which have been explicitly believed from the first are contained in the deposit of faith." On this Bishop Gore remarks overconfidently, "this is not to interpret Vincent but to repudiate him. Vincent undoubtedly meant to make his rule an exclusive test. He excludes not only what is contrary to (*contra*), but what is 'beside' (*praeter*) the original deposit." The doctrinal points, however, to which Franzelin refers are not *praeter* but *intra*, just as the flower in its maturity is *intra* not *praeter* the seed. But let us hear what Vincent has to say about doctrines implicitly contained in the deposit—that is to say, doctrines implicitly affirmed in

the affirmation of doctrines themselves explicitly held from the beginning.

But will any one say ask, Is there to be no progress in religion within the Church of Christ? Certainly there is to be progress of the fullest kind. . . . But such that it be progress in the faith not change of faith. Progress involves that each thing be enlarged from within, change that one thing be transformed into another. . . . Let the religion of souls imitate the analogy of bodies, which though in the course of years they evolve and unfold their parts remain nevertheless the same throughout. . . . Children have the same number of members as men, and if there are some which are brought forth at the time of mature age, they were implanted from the first in the potency of the seed, so that nothing which is put forth in old age is new but was latent previously in boyhood. . . . So likewise the doctrine of the Christian religion should follow the same laws of growth and become consolidated in the course of years, expanded in time, exalted with age remaining nevertheless incorrupt and unpoluted, be complete and perfect in the measure of all its parts, all its own members, and senses, admitting of no change whatever, of no loss of what belongs to it or any variation in its outlines.

St. Vincent has more in the twenty-third chapter about progress or development in the understanding of doctrines and the expansion of institutions, and this whole chapter should be read through carefully. It must be borne in mind no doubt that he writes somewhat rhetorically rather than with theological precision, but a comparison between his words in these chapters and Franzelin's theological treatment of the question of doctrinal development in a masterly chapter of his *De Traditione et Scriptura*, testifies to the aptness with which the language of St. Vincent lends itself to the expositions of a theologian who has before him the actual facts of doctrinal development that have taken place in the Catholic Church. The following passage from Franzelin, which is based on the phraseology of the Commonitorium, will serve to illustrate what we have in mind.<sup>1</sup>

The divine dogmas the more profound they are the more fecund they are. They have thus almost infinite relations to the exigencies of all the times, and oppositions to the errors, so various and diverse, which human weakness or perversity is capable of excogitating. On the other hand it neither came to pass, nor could have come to pass, that each of these dogmas, under

<sup>1</sup> *De Traditione*, p. 242.

all these various respects, should be explicitly explained and declared by the Apostles. Hence in the course of the Apostolic preaching certain universal *propositions* could be declared in which were contained implicitly singulars that could be afterwards declared according as in the course of time doubt sprang up. Thus the doctrine of the necessity of grace for every good work in the way of salvation sufficed for defining in after days, as against the Semi-Pelagians, this selfsame necessity even for the first movements of faith. So again *complex* statements might be contained in the original deposit, from which the constituent parts could be afterwards deduced, as the statement that Christ is God and Man, from which when circumstances made it necessary many things could be defined in regard to each of the two Natures; or from the statement that Peter has supreme power as the visible foundation of the Church and the centre of its unity, many particular rights and duties can be deduced. . . . Other dogmas could have been promulgated by introducing them into the practical use and custom of the Church rather than by diligent teaching and urgent preaching, which diligent teaching and urgent preaching in regard to them became necessary in course of time—conspicuous examples of which are to be seen in the controversy as to the power of conferring valid sacraments outside the Church, and in the history of the canon of the sacred books.

There are other matters in connexion with this subject of St. Vincent's Rule and its bearing on what has come to be called doctrinal development, which would need to be treated in any lengthened exposition. There is, however, one further point on which a word must be said.

Mr. Moxon, who in this may stand as representative of the Anglican School generally, states in his Introduction that

until the seventeenth century the rule of Vincentius never was unanimously accepted. From Tertullian to Bossuet the argument never varied, "new idea, certain sign of error and schism." Bossuet even gave the Rule new life, and developed it with his usual eloquence in his polemic against Protestants. He maintained that the teaching and essential institutions of the Catholic Church have always been identically the same. Anything that is held orthodox in the Church to-day, whether it be the papacy or the episcopate, the seven sacraments or the cherished doctrines of Rome, must have been delivered in detail by Christ to His Apostles, and by them to their successors.

It would have been of assistance to his readers if this

writer had indicated the place in Bossuet's writings where he said anything which could involve that he was giving a new life to the application of the Vincentian Rule. We all know that in his *History of the Variations* he set in strong contrast with the immutability of faith which has characterized the history of the Catholic Church the interminable variations of religious belief which have been equally characteristic of the history of Protestantism all through. But where did Bossuet give any signification that he disputed the interpretation of the Rule which covers doctrinal developments, and has given such dissatisfaction to Bishop Gore and Mr. Moxon, when expressed by Cardinal Franzelin? For it is this which, from his context, Mr. Moxon considers to have been the intermediate system that prevailed among the Catholic theologians from the time of Bossuet to that of the Vatican Council.

At all events he is quite clear about the system which the Vatican Council brought into effect in the Catholic Church. "After the Vatican Council," he says, "and the declaration of the Infallibility of the Pope it had begun to be seen that adherence to the Vincentian Rule was not only unnecessary but impossible. 'La Tradizione sono io,' was the claim of Pius IX. . . . Pio Nono's word meant, not: 'Receive this because it has been held, *ubique, semper, et ab omnibus*,' but 'because it has been laid down by me.' " No, by this writer's leave, it meant: 'Receive this because I and the Sacred Council have examined by the careful tests laid down by St. Vincent, and have seen that, rightly understood, it conforms with them; and, as the Pope and the Council have acted under the assistance of the Holy Spirit, whose guidance is promised to the Church under these circumstances, our decision is infallible, and you are bound to submit to it.' Mr. Moxon, in his studies of Bossuet, seems to have overlooked the following passage in his *Exposition de la doctrine de l'Eglise Catholique*.

Even if our adversaries would consent to look at things from a more human standpoint they would be compelled to acknowledge that the Catholic Church, far from wishing to make herself the mistress of the faith, as they accuse her of doing, has done all in her power to bind herself and deprive herself of the means of innovating, since not only does she submit to Holy Scripture but, to banish for ever arbitrary interpretations which cause the thoughts of men to pass for Scripture, she has obliged

herself to go in all that regards faith and morals by the sense of the Holy Fathers, from whom she professes that she will never depart, declaring, as she does by all her Councils and all her professions of faith that she receives no dogma which is not conformed to the tradition of all preceding ages.

This custom of the Councils and of the Apostolic See is still preserved as much as ever, and for the same reasons. Neither Popes nor Œcumenical Councils have any inspiration which can reveal to them new truths. Like any of the faithful, for whose use the *Commonitorium* was primarily written, the only method at their disposal, if they wish to decide what opinions are orthodox, what the contrary, is by consulting the tradition that has come down to them from the beginning. And this is what was done, particularly in the Vatican Council as well as in the quasi-Council which preceded the definition of the Immaculate Conception—as indeed is attested in the Bulls of Definition in both these cases. There is, however, this difference between them, that the conclusions to which, as the result of their research, private persons are brought by the exercise of their own judgment, may be mistaken. Whilst that to which the Holy See and the assembled Bishops are brought under the conditions specified in the Vatican definitions are infallible.

S. F. S.

## THE SAVING OF CATERINA

### I.

**W**HEN Welchester, that ancient Cathedral town of mediæval gateways, finely-fretted pinnacles, and formulated if modernized decorum, heard that Donald Kerr was bringing home a bride from Italy to be mistress of the Priory House, it experienced mixed feelings but amongst them a distinctly pleasant sense of novelty. Brides from Italy were new ideas, and Welchester, too far removed from their source to be wearied of them, was very open to, even eager for new ideas. A scantiness of detail—it was Mary Godfrey who provided what there was—allowed also of an agreeable freedom of speculation. Welchester learned that the bride was very young and quite extraordinarily beautiful; that her mother, long dead, had been pure Italian, that her father was an artist. More than this did not transpire. But, as Mrs. Canon Caroll remarked to Mary: "That's quite enough for a beginning." And dear old Dean Godfrey added: "Poor child!"

"Now why 'poor,' father?"

"Well, my dear, young folks, you know, like to be young, and Welchester. . . . Of course we old folks. . . ." But the Dean was one of those heavenly-minded people who never can grow old. "Well! Well! You'll have to lead off the dinner parties, Mrs. Caroll. You know how to make them so welcoming."

And if the gracious lady addressed had an involuntary vision of three desirable unmarried daughters, all so like herself,—and Donald had always been a prime favourite—her charming blue eyes and answering smile promised quite a delightful welcome to Caterina. That was her pretty name—Caterina—quite a new thing in names.

Donald Kerr was a universal favourite in Welchester. His father the General's family had always belonged to its innermost circles, and there were those, not perhaps belonging interiorly to the Caroll and Godfrey set, who asked why in the world, having been so long a bachelor, did he want to rush off to Italy for a bride?

Of brides, however, there had been no thought when



Donald with his old chum, Gilbert Ray, rushed off to Italy in the spring. And he had really thought more of Gilbert than of himself. Gilbert, not blessed with his friend's generous share of this world's goods, painted pictures, portraits preferably, for which he was acquiring, slowly, some fame. Italy produced beautiful girls in pleasing abundance; as Donald's guest the trip need cost him nothing; suppose they did a little Italian tour together? Donald's art knowledge badly needed working up and the artist might get something out of it.

But it was Donald who got out of Italy, who found and wooed with such un-northern ardour among the southern roses—Caterina.

Ray had gone off for a time in search of lake subjects, leaving Donald in Rome, and when he received half-a-dozen lines telling what had happened, he wondered, half cynically what was likely to be the outcome. His sober-sided friend and a mercurial little Italian! Welchester—ecclesiastical tea-parties! He couldn't, somehow, compose the picture.

But when he saw Caterina, he did not wonder—at anything. What man could, an artist least of all?

Welchester, however, when it encountered the bride, did wonder rather dubiously whether Kerr, poor dear fellow, had not been . . . misguided.

Caterina snapped her pretty fingers at Welchester's opinions. But the grey old Cathedral city dreaming under misty skies of English blue gave her thrills of ecstasy, and the Priory gardens did well enough for a continuation of that Love among the Ruins begun in Rome.

Moreover, she had three friends particularly and peculiarly her own. There was Hannibal, Donald's big St. Bernard, who had taken her on trust at once; and there was the Dean and Mary. Outside this inner circle, acquaintances were usually indicated with a gesture. Caterina's gestures Welchester did not consider "suitable," but there was no doubt as to their dramatic appropriateness.

Mary Godfrey, the Dean's invalided daughter, had her own special sanctum in the house in the Close whose windows overlooked the Priory gardens. A door in the outer wall led by a narrow path to the Close, and Caterina in a picturesque cloak, disdainful alike of hats and the broader beaten track, more often than not ran over to Mary's by means of the little path.

From the first moment, when Donald had brought her, a bride of a few weeks, startlingly un-English, appealingly beautiful, Mary had let her heart go out to Donald's wife. Yet something, even then, in the small pale passionate face, with its splendid auriole of red-gold hair, had touched some fibre of consciousness painfully; a fleeting impression, vanishing as soon as made.

"You'll be a friend to her, Mary," Donald had said, "I know. She'll want a friend. We've always been such good pals, you and I. You'll be a pal to Caterina? It'll be so different for her here from Italy."

And Mary's eyes, grey, luminous, tender, had answered for her. Quite a flash of merriment had answered him. The accident which had made her a prisoner for life had put marriage with any man out of the question for Mary Godfrey. Donald and she had been playmates, school-mates, the best of pals, the most exhaustive of confidants, always. But one secret Mary had which Donald never knew. So, when he told her of his love for another woman, Mary looked at him with a flash of tender merriment in her self-effacing grey eyes and promised to be a friend to that other woman whom he loved.

But when Donald brought his wife that September afternoon, and she sat by the open window, a little defiant, a little ill-at-ease, pathetically young, Mary had realized—many things. There was something disturbing in the girl's loveliness. Mary saw Caterina and Welchester in violent juxtaposition, and, with something of a start, she realized much beside. *She* also wondered, not cynically, what would be the outcome of this extraordinary marriage.

Nevertheless, her heart went out to Caterina. She came to listen for an eager step outside her door; to find in Caterina sitting on a low stool by her sofa in childlike silence or torrents of ardent talk, a certain added vividness to life. The girl was a sprite-like creature, whose movements of body and mind were all swift and flame-like; a woman with a child's wilful winsomeness; now merry, now sad; full of youthful audacity of judgment, but often in her perceptiveness surprisingly, unerringly right. Her warmth, her zest, her delicate, instinctive apprehension of beauty all made its appeal to Mary. Into the friendship she gave to Donald's wife something sisterly, something half-motherly entered, something dear for Donald's sake but also for her own.

As for Caterina, the little room in the Close became a refuge to which she fled from something like fear. For, with the fading of the blue autumnal days, often in the sad English November, when the rain fell with aching monotony, or the trees and towers were shrouded in drenching mist, and the Caw! Caw! of the rooks struck one eternal note of melancholy; often Welchester seemed to Caterina only a chilly unlighted cage. Often she clenched her tiny hands in impotent protest against its ever-narrowing bars. She pined for Italy, its heartsome skies, its flowers, its freedom; for the gay laughter, the sunny insouciance of her father's artist circle, that careless Bohemian medley in which her girlhood had so unguardedly been spent. This England! So dull and good and grey! The good Donald, her husband, he did know. Yet so kind. She must be wicked to be discontented when Donald was so kind.

Sometimes Mary, listening to tales of Italy, full of colour and excitement, experienced a vague sense of uneasy foreboding. To what extent had Donald fathomed the soul of this child he had made a wife?

Once, pausing in the middle of reminiscent talk, Caterina had turned to her suddenly with unaccountable tears in her eyes.

"You don't know me, really," she said, "as I truly am; not all about me. I wonder if you'd go on liking me if you did? You do care a little bit, don't you? Sometimes, I almost wish you didn't. Yet now . . . . *now* . . . . I couldn't bear to be without you. Sometimes—I am afraid. . . . Would you, would you always care, Mary, whatever, whatever happened? Would you? Say you would!"

Then, her mood had changed with its accustomed abruptness. A little frown gathered between her brows, stubborn little lines, very characteristic of her changeful face. They came when she was caught and swayed by some swift, transitory, mental conflict.

"And now, if I don't run, I shall be late for dinner again, and the good Donald will look . . . . so English!" She laughed, unmirthfully. "He's too patient with me, the good Donald."

And Mary, left alone, wondered—was he? And the vague trouble stirred again.

"What are we going to do with Caterina, father? She's getting dreadfully bored with England. Sometimes I wonder. . . ."

"A child, my dear—an impulsive, clever child! We musn't let her get lonely." But a certain anxious look came into the old man's trustful blue eyes as if he "wondered," too.

They were great friends, the Dean and young Mrs. Kerr. They spent delightful hours in the Cathedral discussing Italian and English architecture. Caterina was never quite sure which was her most comprehending friend, the silver-haired, fatherly, sweet-minded old Dean or the great St. Bernard, who understood so perfectly all you had to say even without your saying it.

Then, one day in December, Mary knew from the way quick footsteps skimmed the passage outside her door that Caterina was bursting with news.

"What is it?" said Mary, smiling.

"Oh, such fun! I'm so pleased. Mr. Ray is coming to us for Christmas. Wasn't it nice of Donald to ask him? He's going to paint my portrait. Mary, Mary, now I shall have news of Italy. He's coming straight from Rome."

## II.

Behind the cedars in the Priory gardens, the sun dipped crimson. Welchester was famous for its cedars, and those in the Priory gardens were among the noblest and most ancient. Beneath those spreading branches, centuries ago, the passionless men had walked who had sworn not to look on women. Passionless? Of how many an anguished secret might not the solemn cedars be custodians? Their sweeping branches swayed sorrowfully as though not the breeze but human sighs stirred them. Cedar-trees are ever full of secrets, sorrowful and old. Behind the bare branches of the high elms, delicately interlaced against a primrose sky; behind the grey Cathedral towers, flushed to a momentary rose-colour, the early-setting February sun sank gloriously.

Inside an ancient oak-panelled room in the Priory House, the warm shadows deepened.

"I can't see," said the painter, and laid down his palette.

The woman sitting for her portrait said nothing. But she raised her eyes to the face on the canvas and suddenly she looked at the painter. Then the heavy white lids dropped so that the long lashes nearly touched the creamy velvet of her cheeks.

The painter stood motionless before the easel. His hands,

as he laid down the palette, had trembled. He stood looking at the nearly-finished pictured face. But he dared not turn to the living face; to those wonderful gold-brown eyes with whose witchery the canvas palpitated; the lustrous hair framing the cheek's pure oval; the small red mouth, alive and lovely.

In the deepening twilight the face on the easel focussed the departing brightness. The hair quickened into glancing gleams; the eyes—which of their ever-varying reflections had he caught and imprisoned? Even as from the canvas they met his own, their colour seemed to change. Like an overhung brook they had always seemed to him, played on by fleeting sunbeams, now in tender shadow, now in dancing light. He had not missed his aim. Who could resist the troubling magic of those marvellous eyes, set with so tragic a significance in the pale, small face.

The painter stood motionless — afraid. He preferred honour to dishonour. Moreover, the man whose guest he was, the man to whose trusting generosity he was indebted — Caterina's husband — was his friend. It was a friend's part to ask him to come and paint the portrait; an opportune invitation, for the picture demand lately had not exceeded his supply; as it had been a friend's generous impulse which took him first to Italy.

And for a month now the painting of the portrait alone, though other opportunities had been unlimited, had thrown him and his friend's wife together, intimately, closely, day by day. Donald was a fool, he told himself, in desperate self-betrayal — an impossibly unsuspicious, quixotically-minded fool. No other man of the world would have gone about with eyes so purely blinded. Yet how many times in the past weeks had he wished furiously that old Donald were not his friend but his enemy; an enemy to be fought in the open, not — unpleasant reflection — a friend to be stabbed in the dark. He was a fool — Donald. Yet Gilbert Ray preferred not to be — a traitor.

The sun sank lower and disappeared. A smouldering log in the wide open fireplace fell broken and in flames. Out there in the warm soft shadows of the room the man was aware of a movement.

Caterina came and stood by his side and looked at the picture.

Then she turned to him, white, irresistibly lovely, distraught.

"I wish to God," he said, in a rough, unsteady voice; "I wish to God we had never met."

Something fierce, terrible, untameable shook Caterina like a blasting wind. . . . Yet, was it a shining nimbus round her head? Like a saint's, or a child's, it seemed, the innocent curve of her cheek. . . . He drew her, ineffectually resisting, towards him, and in the golden mesh of her hair, as it spread a soft cloud upon his breast, his weakening will lay fettered. He held her closely, kissing her red and lovely lips—Donald's wife, whom, honour apart, he loved.

Suddenly, she freed herself, pushing him from her violently.

"I hate you!" she panted. "I hate, hate you!" and, like a terrified, wounded thing, she fled.

### III.

Mary lay on her sofa, watching from her western windows the beautiful passing of the light. The red melted to purple behind the cedars; the grey towers grew dimly blue. If Caterina were here she would run to the window and describe for her the colours of the sunset and put some crumbs on the ledge for their robin if he came.

She had missed Caterina lately. The painting of the portrait took up so much time. Mary would be glad, yes, rather particularly glad, when the portrait was finished. Caterina had brought the artist to see her, and Mary mentally compared him, as she did most men, not to their advantage, with Donald.

She would be glad to have Caterina running in again. Out of that promise to Donald something had grown she would not now willingly lose. A quickened sense of loveliness had enriched this mutual friendship. It was as if, wandering together on the shore of an ocean of Beauty, they had picked up and lingered over many a perfect weed and murmuring shell—to the crying of the waves, too, they had sometimes listened with something of foreboding and of fear. A claim had been laid on Mary's life. She felt it, responded to it, loved it. It had been easy to keep that promise to Donald, and not for his sake only.

The little room, which the vivid presence had so often



brightened, grew dark as Mary lay and pondered. She stretched out a hand to ring for lights when, in unexpected answer to her thoughts, she heard the sound of swift, familiar footsteps, and Caterina herself entered.

She came to the sofa and stood there without speaking, tensely straight, a seeming centre of leaping flames of emotion, her hair uncovered, blown about her temples, her hands gripping tightly the folds of her cloak.

Then she was down on her knees at Mary's side, her face hidden, her body shaken.

"Tell me," said Mary gently.

There was no answer. But the tiny hands were icy and a shudder passed over the quivering body.

"Tell me," said Mary again, and unfastened and held in her own the cold and trembling fingers.

Caterina's eyelids fell, the small white face was piteous in its forlorn abandonment.

"Oh! I hate myself, I hate myself," she moaned. "I'm not what you think me. I'm wicked—I knew it—I didn't want you to care for me—I told you so. You wouldn't ever care for me if you knew—everything."

"I care," said Mary quietly. "Tell me."

"No; you wouldn't, you couldn't care. You never understood when I talked to you about Italy. I wasn't always good there. Men liked me. I could make them . . . so easily. I liked them to like me and . . . it was so easy. Men—artistes—were always coming to our house and Papa never minded, he was just amused. But I wasn't—quite wicked. I never let them—kiss me. No," she insisted with a child's passionate self-justification, "not once, not one. I used to think sometimes, when I didn't want to be good, of my mother. I can only just remember her, but *she* was good, and, oh, very, very beautiful. She used to pray for me to the Blessed Virgin. Papa said praying to the Virgin was all nonsense. We never said any prayers, Papa and I. We just liked always to be amused. . . . Then Donald came—and it was so easy again. But I liked him best of all, he was so real, so good, though not always amusing. He was different to all the others, I always felt so safe with him, I trusted him—and now. . . ."

"He trusts you," said Mary; "we trust you. Tell me."

"But that's the dreadful part. He trusts me, and I'm not fit to be trusted. I've. . . ."

She broke off and the little stubborn lines gathered between her brows. She set her lips tightly, then spoke in a strangled, exhausted voice with eyes again wearily closed.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. There was only you to come to. . . . And you can hate me, as I do myself, and so can Donald, and everybody. . . . I've let a man—make love to me. I encouraged him. I've let him—kiss me. Though I'm Donald's wife, I let him—I encouraged him. And I don't even love him. I despise him. I love—oh, I *do* love, really and only, Donald, and Hannibal, and the Dean, and you, And . . . there's something else. Oh, Mary, it hurts me most of all. Put your arms round me. . . . Please don't quite hate me." The voice sank to an almost inaudible whisper. . . . "My little baby, Donald's baby—I . . . Oh, Mary, shall I ever be quite a good mother, now?"

Into Mary's heart came first a throb of overwhelming gratitude as she held the clinging, shrinking figure closely in her arms. For she knew that, because she had loved her, she had saved for him in a place of great peril—Donald's wife.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

## WHITE TULIPS

WHITE tulips in the pearly dawn,  
When the grey mist, but half-withdrawn,  
Yet mantles with her mystery  
The rampart hedge and arching tree!

White tulips, is it only dew  
Held in the chalice-hearts of you?  
I think of wine that hath no price,  
And of a perfect sacrifice.

White tulips, in my dream you hold  
A living gift of worth untold:  
The river murmurs, like a priest  
Busied with pray'r before the Feast.

White tulips, you must fade to flowers;  
But in the coming hour of hours,  
God willing, my glad heart shall be  
What you have symbolized for me.

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

## LITERARY CLUBS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THESE may have been literary clubs in England before the eighteenth century, but this period saw, if not their origin, at least their rise into fame, and to it the most noted examples belong. In many ways the period was peculiarly suited to foster the growth of such societies. It was in the eighteenth century that the literary profession began to take the honourable place amongst us which it has since held, for before this the author was usually either a gentleman of assured position, who had other sources of income than his pen, or the protégé of some royal or noble Maecenas, to whose bounty he owed whatever prosperity he might attain. Even Shakespeare acknowledged his debt to his patron, and Milton would have fared but poorly if he had depended on the sale of his poems for a livelihood. As late as the eighteenth century writers of undoubted merit found it very difficult to make ends meet, as the early struggles of Goldsmith testify; but the fact remains that literary men at this time enjoyed an independence which they had never known before, their social status improved, and their influence, owing to the spread of periodicals, rapidly increased. The popularity of coffee-houses as the resort of statesmen and wits, the interest in politics and the affairs of the town, and the critical spirit which was characteristic of the age of Queen Anne, as manifested in its literature, were all factors which helped in the growth of literary clubs. Beginning informally with the more or less regular meeting of a group of friends at one of the coffee-houses, for the discussion of literature and current affairs, they soon developed into highly-organized societies, admission to which was eagerly sought, and by no means easily obtained, by many of the most distinguished men of the time.

Addison, commenting on their popularity in his day, says: "We take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of Clubs." And the fact that the *Spectator* papers profess to embody the discussions of one such society is evidence of the place they occupied in the life of the town. There were of course many clubs mentioned in the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the essays of Goldsmith and

others, which cannot be called literary in any sense of the word, such as the "Humdrum Club," made up of gentlemen of peaceable disposition who used to smoke their pipes and say nothing till midnight, and the "Trumpet Club" of the *Tatler*, which gives a satirical picture of five prosy old gentlemen boring each other with oft-repeated stories and reminiscences every evening. It is difficult, however, to draw a hard-and-fast line; for when a number of men of wit and intellect met together, whatever the original purpose of their assembling, literature would probably be among the subjects of discussion, and some valuable criticism often the result.

The earliest of the famous literary clubs of the century was the "Kit-Cat Club," which, according to Addison, was "said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie." It was founded by Tonson the bookseller about the year 1700, and was frequented by various writers, Addison, Steele, and Congreve being among the members. They met at the tavern of one Christopher Cat, and no doubt feasted on his famous pies, nicknamed "kit-cats," before beginning their literary discussions. Pope refers to this club in one of his epigrams:

Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,  
Few critics can unriddle;  
Some say from pastry-cook it came,  
And some from Cat and Fiddle.

Eleven years later a still more famous club came into existence. In Swift's *Journal to Stella*, under the date June, 1711, there is a reference to a society which had been formed in his absence from town by St. John, the Secretary of State, and others, and to which he had been elected. "The end of our Club," he says, "is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest, and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of." The formation of this club is something of a landmark in the history of the literary profession, because it was the first instance of an association of men of letters with some of the most prominent members of the aristocracy and the Government on terms of absolute equality. Swift records with satisfaction how he stoutly opposed the election of one duke and held out hopes to another that he might be admitted, a privilege which the latter nobleman eventually received "with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves." The outward sign of this equality was the custom which prevailed among the members

of addressing each other as "brother"; hence the name of "Brothers' Club" by which it has since been known, though Swift merely refers to it as "The Society." The members met at first once a week, afterwards once a fortnight, dined at some tavern, and spent the evening in conversation. Apparently it was the custom to elect a president for each meeting, who was expected to pay for the dinner; for Swift continually grumbles at the expense, and is by no means pleased when the honour falls to his share. Certainly £21 (exclusive of wine) seems an excessive charge for a dinner for about a dozen persons.

One of the main activities of the club was the encouragement of deserving writers by the bestowal of patronage; and owing to its association with the Tory party, then in power, it was able to wield considerable influence. In this connection we have a pathetic incident, which shows a gentler side of Swift than is usually apparent, in the death of his young protégé Harrison, for whom he had previously obtained a Government appointment. Hearing that he was ill and in reduced circumstances, Swift, after some trouble and delay, obtained for him a grant of £100 from the Treasury, which he took to him in person, only to find, as he had feared, that Harrison was already dead. "I was afraid to knock at the door," he says. "My mind misgave me." And later, "I could not dine with Lord-Treasurer, nor anywhere else. No loss ever grieved me so much."

Another interesting project for which the club was responsible was Swift's plan of forming an academy for "correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do." This scheme gained the approval of Harley, the Lord Treasurer, who promised to use his influence to advance it; political troubles, however, supervened and the proposal fell to the ground. The club itself did not last much longer. After Swift's preferment to the deanery of St. Patrick's, necessitating his absence from London for some months, the meetings became less frequent, and the members' interest gradually waned. By the end of 1713 the "Brothers' Club" was practically dead; but a little later, rising phoenix-like from its ashes, there appeared the still more famous "Scriblerus Club," to which many of the same members belonged.

This was a less formal assembly, but in some ways its influence on literature was greater. Here we see the great wits of the time—Swift, Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others—in a

lighter vein; no longer concerned with the improvement of the language or the encouragement of deserving writers, but playing literary games, engaging in competitions, and writing parodies and satires which, originally intended for the amusement of a small circle of friends, in their later developments entertained a much wider public. Their chief diversion lay in writing the history of an imaginary pedant, Martinus Scriblerus, in whose person they satirized those philosophers who cram their brains with learning to the exclusion of common sense. The memoirs of Scriblerus, whose birth was accompanied by omens and whose childhood was one of unexampled precocity, were written chiefly by Arbuthnot, though other members of the club probably had some hand in their composition. They tell how the young Martinus learned the Greek alphabet by having the various letters stamped on his gingerbread; geography by learning the different countries from which his garments came; and metaphysics by discussing with a companion many abstruse questions, of which the following is a fair specimen: "Whether God loves a possible angel better than an actually-existent fly?" It may be interesting to know that the answer to this was in the negative.

Later in life, Scriblerus travelled to many countries, among them the Pygmæan Empire and the land of the giants; he was also the author of various works, some of which are extant. The most famous of these, the *Treatise on the Bathos*, is usually ascribed to Pope; in it he defines several methods of "sinking in poetry," illustrating by quotations, some taken from the works of contemporary writers, some from his own early poems, and some apparently invented for the occasion. Several of these have become proverbial; among the less familiar ones the following are well worth quoting:

Divide and part the severed world in two,

(an example of tautology);

The noise returning, with returning light,  
Dispersed the silence and dispelled the night,

which illustrates the use of inanity, or nothingness; and

Yon luminary amputation needs,  
Thus shall you save its half-extinguished life,

which is the "stately" manner of requesting someone to snuff a candle.

The "Scriblerus Club," like its predecessor, was short-lived, for it did not survive the downfall of the Tory ministry in



1714; its influence, however, may be seen considerably later in the publication of the *Dunciad*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *Tristram Shandy*, all of which, in varying degrees, owed something to the diversions of the Scriblerians.

Clubs of all kinds continued to flourish throughout the century. Goldsmith appears to have belonged to several, and probably there were many others, now forgotten, which might have been remembered had they happened to contain one member of real distinction in letters. It was not until 1764, however, that a worthy successor to Scriblerus arose, when the brilliant little circle which Dr. Johnson had gathered round him was formed into a club, which met every Monday night at the Turk's Head Tavern in Gerrard Street. The most distinguished of the nine original members were Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burke; Garrick and Boswell were elected later, and the numbers were considerably increased. The "Literary Club," as it was afterwards called, was still in existence at Johnson's death, in 1784, though in the previous year he had formed the surviving members into another society which met at the Essex Head Tavern. The height of its fame, however, belongs to the first ten years of its existence, until Goldsmith's death in 1774; during this time it was the undisputed headquarters of all that was best in the literary and intellectual life of the town. Boswell, perhaps from motives of discretion, has given us few descriptions of the club's meetings; it is easy to fill in the picture, however, from what we know of the members' personality and their conversation at other times. It is interesting to notice that although a distinguished statesman was among their number, political subjects were rigidly excluded from discussion; Johnson also deprecated the introduction of religious topics in a mixed company. For the rest, they discussed books they had read, plays they had seen, travel, second sight (*à propos* of Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*), the derivation of words, corruption in political life, and any other subject that arose out of their conversation. Boswell gives one or two instances of verbal encounters between Johnson and Goldsmith, in which the former came off victorious; but probably his own jealousy of Goldsmith led him to give undue prominence to such incidents. On one occasion Goldsmith wished to admit more members to the club, for the sake of variety; for, he urged, the original circle had met so often that they had travelled

over each other's minds. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson in some indignation, "you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you."

In these literary clubs of the eighteenth century we see the originals of most of the organizations of a similar kind which exist at the present day. They offered practical assistance to struggling authors, and provided them with congenial society; to those of assured reputation they gave occasion for the exercise of their gifts, and inspired works which will always rank high as literature. If there is one kind of modern literary society which seems to be unrepresented, it is that which exists to promote the study of some particular branch of letters, such as the Shakespeare Society; but even this kind is foreshadowed in Swift's projected academy for correcting the English language. One very noticeable point is that they were not, as many of their modern successors are, confined to specialists in one particular profession, but opened their doors to men of intelligence and education whatever their walk in life. The "Literary Club," in spite of its name, included a painter, an actor, a doctor, and several clergymen; the societies of Queen Anne's reign were as much political as literary; and the "Spectator Club," which may be taken as typical, contained no one who could possibly be called a man of letters except the "Spectator" himself. From the social point of view this comprehensiveness was all to the good; even from the literary, it was no disadvantage when a club included such members as Garrick, Reynolds, and Beauclerk, to mention only a few of Johnson's non-literary friends; but with men of more mediocre attainments perhaps some special knowledge of the subject in hand is needed to supply the place of natural brilliance. It must be remembered, too, that these societies met solely for conversation, which they often kept up to a late hour; nowadays a paper must needs be read or a set speech delivered at each meeting to stimulate discussion; and there are few of us who could continue to meet the same group of friends weekly for two or three years without feeling that we had "travelled over each other's minds." Mere brilliance, moreover, was not all that was required. Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines a club as "an assembly of good fellows, meeting under certain conditions"; and it was not everyone who possessed the necessary qualifications. Breadth of mind, loyalty, discretion, a capacity to give and take, consideration for the

feelings of others without undue insistence on one's own—all these, as well as intellectual gifts, were required by one who wished to be known as a "clubbable man"—a distinction highly prized in Johnson's day, and worthy to be coveted still.

C. M. BOWEN.

## A DREAM OF JUNE

THE June is here . . . and the roses flush  
The brooding hush of the full-leaved year,  
And the June is here.  
The crimson beads drop down between  
The tender green, where the fuchsia bleeds;  
The roses nod their perfumed heads  
In the garden beds, strewing the sod  
With odorous death, exhaling their breath  
At the feet of God.

The traveller's joy climbs here and there,  
And everywhere, like a roving boy  
Out on a truant holiday, who has wandered away  
Intent on play, for love of the June.  
The scented tube of the jessamin  
Peeps sweetly in where the casement yawns,  
And along the lawns the pansies' fugue  
Repeats the tune of the dreaming June,  
As she lies asleep in summer's lap,  
While visions wrap in slumber deep  
The maiden soul of the rose-crowned year.

The twilight thrills to the sudden gush  
Of vesperal thrush, as each liquid note  
From his throbbing throat on the silence spills.  
And the sickle moon lies a silver hoop  
Where the low skies stoop to the beauteous June.

O'er her verdant dress the petals fall  
From her coronal, and the winsome smile  
Of her loveliness is ours awhile,  
Till soon, too soon, elusive June  
Is no longer here,  
But has slipped away with the waning year  
In a dream, in a dream of June.

MOTHER ST. JEROME.

## THE ONTARIO SCHOOL CONTROVERSY

A VALUED Irish correspondent having sent me a series of questions on the present status of bilingual schools in the Province of Ontario, I am led to think that a brief statement of the facts at issue may not be without interest to the readers of *THE MONTH*, even under present conditions. If, moreover, I venture to state my conviction that the question ranks among the foremost of those which affect the present, and, still more, the future religious, political, and imperial destinies of Canada, British Catholics will, I feel sure, forgive my obtruding it upon their notice.

An "English,"<sup>1</sup> otherwise an Irish, priest resident in Ottawa having, according to my correspondent, qualified the famous—or notorious—"Regulation VII." of the Ontario Board of Education as a "sane and reasonable bilingual provision," it may be well to begin by defining in general terms what it really provides, and then to consider the objections urged against it and the grounds on which they are based.

Regulation VII., then, a purely administrative order, provides that in all "French-English" schools in the Province of Ontario (mainly Protestant),—whether "separate" (*i.e.*, Catholic) or "provincial"—which are in receipt of Government assistance, the English language shall be, after the first year,<sup>2</sup> the *sole medium of instruction* in all subjects. The penalties for non-compliance with this regulation are, first, the withdrawal of the Government grant; secondly, the withdrawal of the teachers' certificates, without which they cannot legally be paid any salaries.

This regulation, it may be noted in passing, runs directly counter to the opinion expressed by a Government Special Commissioner in a Report on this very subject, to the effect that, as the result of his inquiries, he had found that "the

<sup>1</sup> As pointed out in *THE MONTH*, "Race and Religion in Canada," February, 1910, it is speech rather than creed or nationality that determines parties in Canada: hence, the strange anomaly of Irish Catholics siding occasionally with Orange Protestants.

<sup>2</sup> The principle, rather than the exact time-table, is the really important point.

best [educational] results are obtained where *the medium of instruction is the mother tongue.*"<sup>1</sup> The one essential reason which "justifies" the self-contradiction of the Ontario Government on this vital point will appear in due course.

But the French have, it is asserted, alike by "English" (*i.e.*, Irish) Catholics and Ontario "English" Protestants—mostly of the Orange persuasion—no "legal or constitutional right" to a fuller enjoyment of their language, in respect of education, than those "conceded by the sane and generous bilingual provision" contained in the Regulation referred to. Here, most of all, it is best and indeed inevitably necessary to go back to first principles, since by so doing we shall discover the facts upon which the "French" protest against this regulation is based.

When, therefore, in the years immediately preceding 1867, the date of the Act establishing the nucleus of the present Dominion, negotiations for Confederation were begun between the "Province of Canada" (now Quebec and Ontario) and the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the religious, racial, and educational rights and privileges of minorities became, as might have been expected, a subject of serious and prolonged discussion. Here, however, it will be sufficient for our present purpose to state that, at the instigation of the Protestant majority in [Upper] Canada (Ontario) and, *ex professo*, for the protection and safety of the Protestant, "English" minority in [Lower] Canada (Quebec), it was provided in the Imperial British North America Act of 1867—the Confederation Act—that "all rights and privileges, in respect of [religion and] education, possessed, *by law or custom*,<sup>1</sup> prior to Confederation, by any racial or religious minority, should be preserved and continued."

That the "French" Catholic minority in Ontario possessed such rights prior to Confederation, just as surely, just as fully, and on identical terms and conditions as the "English" Protestant minority in Quebec, there is literally no question whatever. The fact is on record, and is admitted, as an argument in favour of the latter minority, by their most strenuous and anti-popish "protectors."

How comes it then, it will naturally be asked, that any dispute should since have arisen, and should now exist, in so acute a form, in respect of such apparently plain and indisputable facts?

<sup>1</sup> *Italics mine.*

The answer must be sought for the present in the policy pursued in connexion with this matter on both sides, Catholic and Protestant alike, and in the compromise which arose out of their conflicting aims. The population of the new Dominion—the four original Provinces referred to—being, at that time, nearly evenly balanced between “French Papists” and “English Protestants,” the former were no less obsessed by a fear of “alien domination” in matters of education (and even of religion) than were the latter. When, therefore, the Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, influenced by this dread, offered an unyielding opposition to a Federal, as opposed to a Provincial control of education, the “Protestant” party were quick to perceive and to take advantage of the opportunity. The terms and provisions of the British North America Act afforded, in their estimation, ample security to the “English Protestant” minority in Quebec. But, while nominally and professedly extending the same security to the “French Catholic” minority in Ontario, it was left to each Province (by the terms of the said Act) to “interpret and apply the said provisions”—as to rights and privileges—as circumstances might show to be advisable or necessary. That is, the “privileges” were secured—if the majority were pleased to allow them any real existence!

It would be rash, as it certainly would be lacking in charity, to attribute to the militant Protestants of the Confederation period a deliberate design of bringing about in due course and by perfectly “legitimate administrative processes” the state of affairs now actually prevalent in Ontario. It might even be presumptuous to suppose that they had so much as a clear anticipation of such a possibility, were the anti-Catholic *animus* of all, or most of them, less evident than they themselves by their writings and speeches, public and private, have shown it to be.

The following parallel columns will, it is hoped, serve to indicate not merely the manner and degree in which each of the two Provinces concerned has developed and applied the “rights and privileges” accorded to minorities by Imperial legislation, in its own case, but also the grounds on which the French in Ontario base their claim to a treatment, and even to a generosity at least equal to that shown by themselves, where the positions are reversed:

## IN QUEBEC

The minority<sup>1</sup> (Protestant) have :

- (1) A Provincial Council of Education, under the nominal presidency of the Minister, with full and complete administrative powers.
- (2) Boards of School Trustees, in the various areas with statutory power to impose rates—which are collected by the municipal authorities, and handed over to the Trustees.
- (3) The "separate" (Protestant) school supporter is *legally bound* to return himself as such, and, consequently, to allocate (without other option) his rates to his own school : which the Trustees have power to recover at law.
- (4) In the case of rented premises, the landlord's rate is, *ipso facto*, allocated according to the religion of the tenant.
- (5) All "public utilities" pay rates, *pro rata* (the number of pupils) to either kind of school ("public" or "separate") without distinction.
- (6) The Provincial grant is made to both classes of school, at the same rate, and without distinction.
- (7) The teaching of French is *purely optional*, and in no way affects the amount of the Provincial Grant.

## IN ONTARIO

The minority (Catholic) have :

- (1) An "Advisory Board," consulted, from time to time, by the Government, but with no real powers of any kind.
- (2) The same "privilege."
- (3) A ratepayer may, as he sees fit, enter himself as a supporter of "separate" (Catholic) or of "public" schools, and allocate his rates accordingly, leaving the Trustees no real power of recovery.
- (4) The same "privilege."
- (5) All "public utilities" pay rates to "public" schools exclusively.
- (6) The "public" schools receive, on an average, many<sup>2</sup> times as much, per child, as is granted to "separate" schools.
- (7) The teaching of English, both as a subject, and as a *medium of instruction*, is *compulsory*, and a necessary condition for obtaining any Provincial grant, however small or inadequate.

Other details might be added, but the case is strong enough in all conscience as it stands. It may be briefly summed up as a policy, on the Catholic side, as generous as it is possible to conceive ; a just, honest and literal interpretation of the terms and provisions of the British North America Act. On the Protestant side it is a policy, aptly defined by its devisers and defenders, as one of "no public money for the teaching of French." It has a deeper, and, for Catholics,

<sup>1</sup> Hebrew as well as Protestant.

<sup>2</sup> Railways, etc.

<sup>3</sup> I have, unfortunately, no means at hand for ascertaining the exact figures, but the difference amounts to a very serious and most unfair discrimination against the Catholic schools, and lays a much heavier burden upon the rate-payers.



a more sinister significance, as I hope to prove; also, as I believe, and have said, for the political and imperial destinies of Canada.

However, the "privileges" do exist for the French in Ontario, to be enjoyed—at a definite price. The Government, one may say, states the terms on which its grant may be obtained: the position would be less assailable were it not for that assumed by the "French Papist" Government of Quebec. The French in Ontario may retain the "rights and privileges existing, by law or custom, prior to Confederation"—on the condition of ceasing to speak French!

To assert, as it has been and is still asserted, not only by the bitter enemies of the Catholic faith and, consequently, of Catholic religious education, but also, one regrets to say, by many English-speaking Catholics in Ontario, clerical as well as lay, that the French opposition is due merely to racial prejudice, is simply an unfounded calumny.

I write advisedly, when I assert no less confidently and as the result of a ten years' study of the matter, that there is not a French Canadian in Ontario who is not willing and anxious that his children should learn English, and learn it thoroughly. But he objects, and rightly objects, to a policy which not only makes English compulsory, but, at the same time, compels his child to make five-sixths of its studies in a (more or less perfectly acquired, generally less) *foreign language*, with the result that it comes out of school with no real or useful knowledge of either French, English, or any other subject. He objects, in one word, to a system of compulsion which is not applied to the "English" minority in Quebec.

To assert, further, that the French dream of a "bilingual Canada," is not only equally untrue and beside the mark, but would be greatly to their credit if it were the case. But they do dream of, labour for, prize and hold fast to, one inalienable, natural right of every British-born subject, the right to use, to speak, to pray, *in his mother tongue*. That right he neither will nor can be deprived of by any "Prussianizing of the Poles," in however insidious and legal a form the process may be carried on, even if it be in the "sacred" name of "Imperial patriotism." We are keenly alive to the atrocities perpetrated by Germany, before the war, in Poland, especially in its endeavours to proscribe the Polish tongue. Let us reflect that this "Regulation VII," passed by the Ontario Parliament is inspired by exactly the same purpose.

The essential ground of the French Canadian's opposition to this system of compulsion is that its aim is, beyond all doubt or question, the destruction of his children's faith. That aim has, indeed, been openly avowed by the devisers and defenders of the present campaign against "bilingual" schools. Their policy is: "First the French schools (must go), and then (we shall get rid of) the whole separate school system." The French language is, to these "Imperialists" and "Protestants," the very sign, symbol and quintessence of "Popery." The campaign waged unceasingly and relentlessly against its use in school is absolutely and indistinguishably identical with that waged against the Irish language for centuries and to precisely the same end—the transformation of "Irish" (or, as now, of "French") Papists into "British Protestants." And, should anyone be inclined to dispute the foregoing statement, I would ask him to compare the survival of Welsh with the practical extinction of Irish, and to account for it, if he can, on any other ground save that of religion.

But, if the campaign against the use of the French language in Ontario be, indeed, as I trust I have succeeded in showing, inspired by a definite, deliberate, anti-Catholic animus, how come the majority (or a large minority) of English-speaking Catholics (mostly, if not exclusively, Irish) to be on the side of the "Anglicizers"—of the implacable enemies of Catholic education—as they are? That question, having stated it, I must beg permission to leave without so much as attempting an answer. It is a mystery of human inconsistency—to put it mildly—passing, not my poor comprehension merely, which it might easily do, but that of every Catholic, British or Irish, on this side of the Atlantic, to whom I have presented the case as fairly and impartially as, by God's help, I have striven to present it here.

This, however, remains to be said briefly in conclusion, namely, that a question which divides, and must continue, until justly settled, the Catholic community of Ontario into two mutually antagonistic camps—there is no other word that describes the existing situation—must, obviously, affect most seriously and detrimentally the welfare of the Catholic Church both in Ontario and throughout Canada. Any "views" as to presenting the Church's message in one language or another are here utterly beside the issue. That issue is: Are the French Canadians in Ontario to enjoy the same

rights and privileges, based on the same Imperial legislation, as the "English" minority in Quebec, or are they to be deprived of them, by "administrative process," with the help, the connivance, and the approval of their "English" fellow-Catholics?

The political and Imperial issues dependent upon, and certain to be affected, for good or for evil, by the settlement of this question, either justly or unjustly, are too large and, possibly, too controversial, to be more than merely alluded to here. But if the age-long loyalty of the French Canadian, proved again in this present crisis, deserves any reward; if the "principle of small nationalities," whether within or without the Empire, is anything more than a rhetorical phrase, then, surely, the School Controversy in Ontario must, and will be settled, after the war, in a manner becoming our claims as Catholics, as British Imperialists—in the only true sense—and as statesmen worthy of so honourable a name.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

A brief note may be here added, in respect of certain events, reported in the newspapers, since the foregoing article was written:—

Thus, the *Montreal Gazette*, of April 22, states that the French Canadian hierarchy have represented to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, "the acute stage upon which the Ontario School question has unfortunately entered."

Next, *The Times*, of May 13, reports from Ottawa, under date of May 11, that a motion in favour of Federal amendment of the Ontario School regulations, introduced by a Liberal member from Quebec, was defeated, after a protracted debate, by a majority of 47, which included 12 French Conservative and 12 English Liberal members.

Lastly, *The Times*, of May 24, reports, concerning the Liberal victory in the Quebec Provincial Elections—75 seats out of 81—that "the contest turned, to a considerable extent, on legislation in Ontario and Manitoba governing French teaching in schools."

As the report is sent by *The Times* correspondent in Toronto, the admission is significant.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH

### IX. FRENCH WINDOWS.

FROM the 18th to the 31st of October (1914) the Ancient was, as has been said in the seventh of these papers, helping certain officers of his unit to carry on a Clearing Hospital at B., an old town of what was once Spanish Flanders—and is now a part of the French Department of the Nord. Besides our own there was, quite at the other end of the town, another very large Clearing Hospital for British troops, and this, having no Catholic Chaplain of its own, though not officially in his care, did actually during those days form part of the Ancient's charge. Not far from it was a much smaller hospital, carried on by the Dames de France, and visited by the Ancient because certain of its patients had originally been brought in from the battle-field to our own hospital, and kept by us for several days. Of them a word presently. There was a fourth hospital, called the Hospice Civil et Militaire. In peace time it was simply a hospice for old men and women, in charge of Franciscan nuns, and much resembling a Convent of Little Sisters of the Poor. Just before the war began, however, immense additions had been made to it, and the nuns immediately handed over the new block for the reception of wounded soldiers, they themselves undertaking the nursing, in addition to their already heavy work in the care of their regular inmates, who remained in an earlier, but quite modern and excellent, wing. The Sisters continued to inhabit the very old, and I should say much worse than obsolete, portion of the buildings (dating from the sixteenth or early seventeenth century) nearest the street: noisy, close, airless, dark, and dismal. These buildings were crowded round a small and gloomy courtyard, and one only had to glance at them to appreciate the self-sacrifice of those devoted and noble women. They were *all* excellent, but their Superioress was a quite remarkable person, capable, ever-ready, and a first-rate organizer. She was a trained anæsthetist, and almost nightly would be at work in the operating theatre till it was night no longer, and then would take a very brief sleep; she was always in chapel in her place, when the Ancient went to say Mass there at half-past six or

seven. To her Queen Alexandra wrote a very gracious and kindly letter, thanking her and her nuns for their care of the English soldiers: for two large wards had been given over entirely to our wounded, while wounded English officers were welcomed in other parts of the hospice. One of our Medical Officers, a genial and very clever New Zealander, had charge of these cases, and was a skilled operator. I do not propose to say more of him and his work at B. lest it should seem that he and I were playing a very popular game, for in his book *A Surgeon in Khaki* he has had far too much to say of "Monsignor."

Those Masses in the hospice chapel one will not easily forget. There were the nuns—most of whom had been at work half, and more than half, the night, and all the long day before: some of whom were too old for *any* work, and crept slowly to their places, with failing step that would soon carry them on a very long journey: into the gathering silence of their last days here had burst the terrible clatter and din of war.

There were good folk from the town; almost all in deep mourning. And almost always there were tressels before the altar, on which lay a young hero's coffin presently to be carried out to its final rest. Sometimes there were two or three, sometimes half a dozen. Draped with the Tricolour, those silent heroes seemed praying for the soil of France to be purged from the *Sang Impur* that stained it: their deaths prayed for it.

One morning a Lancashire soldier went with the Ancient to hear that Mass. His stalwart frame stood up pretty high above the old bent figures of fathers come to pray for the sons they had given to France. A quick, involuntary, sideways shake of the head gave a very simple, eloquent tribute of pity and respect. He looked beyond that little patient, mourning crowd, to the veiled circle of the nuns. Then they sang, and the rather weird thin music was all a threnody, unmistakable, and a cry to Christ for France.

"What did you think of it?" the Ancient asked him at the end.

"I never saw the like," he answered, and somehow it was enough.

"Eh!" he said later on, still with that sideways abrupt head shake, "England isn't *cut* like that."

One afternoon he went with his master to go round the

whole of that hospital, carrying a sack containing about five thousand cigarettes. Of course it took a long time, as the wards seemed countless, and each soldier liked to have his cigarettes given to him individually, and naturally wished to talk a little. The extreme comfort, the exquisite cleanliness, and the perfect peace and stillness of those light, lofty, airy and yet well-warmed wards immensely impressed the young Lancashire man. It was abundantly clear on what a kindly and sympathetic footing the nuns were with their soldier-patients: and what specially touched the young Englishman was that the lads who helped the Sisters as *brancardiers* in the wards were ecclesiastical students, who had had to lay aside for awhile their treatises to read in this great book of charity.

French soldiers are always delighted to get hold of English cigarettes, and they seemed even more pleased to have the chance of talking with an Englishman who was at once a priest and an officer. To him the only drawback was that the talk had to be so brief. (It must be borne in mind that this was only a visit of friendliness: they had a perfectly devoted, most kind and large-hearted, French chaplain of their own.) For they were quite delightful: and as ready to open their hearts as their mouths. Each of them was a different window opened into that splendid and gracious thing the heart of the French people, and giving each a different glimpse of character, surroundings, calling, and locality. For there were lads and fathers of families, "educated" and uneducated, blond and stalwart Normans, dark and lean southerners, Parisians, Lyonnais, Marseillais, Gascons, men from the western sea-board, mountaineers from Alps and Pyrenees, *cultivateurs* and clerks, sons of the château and of the slum, merry-eyed Provençaux, and wistful-faced youths from the solemn and silent *landes*. It would have been fascinating employment for an afternoon to sit by any one of them, and enjoy the generously-given confidence, to look leisurely at the home-pictures deftly painted in a word or two, and change into a friendship what could only be the realization that it was worth having and freely offered: to hurry on was abominable, and it was hard to turn back at the door of the ward to see such friendly eyes watch one's going, such intimate and kindly little gestures of farewell, and hearing so tempting a chorus of "*Au revoir, Monsieur! A tantôt!*"

" *Au revoir, mes gosses, bien sûr! quelque part, quelque temps. Au revoir.*"

Ah where? Ah when?

That was the worst of those terribly crowded days at B.—the hurry: for the work in our own hospital was always much more than enough to keep one very busy indeed, and the visits to the other three hospitals had to be snatched from the time belonging to it, in something the fashion in which some housekeepers squeeze money for good works out of the housekeeping money they have to administer! When setting out from his own hospital, to dash off to one of the others, the Ancient always had an uneasy sense that he ought not to go at all, and at each of the others he felt that he ought to stay there and not go back at all.

As to the French wounded brought in among our own men from the battle-field to our hospital, four or five became specially friends of the Ancient, and are friends still, writing to him very regularly. One was a young Sergeant, from Savoie; very dark, with great black eyes that, when they were not singularly gentle and tender, looked fierce and quarrelsome. He was almost black with smoke and dust when he came in; he had had no means of washing for a week, and later on the Ancient perceived that he was extremely *coquet*, half a dandy, and that the grime and filth had annoyed him even more than the very bad wound in his hip. He was grateful, out of all proportion, for the little *soins* the Ancient was able to render him: and his thanks were voluble to eloquence.

"I believe," said the Ancient laughing, "that talking is your trade;"

"So it is. I am *comme métier, commis-voyageur*."

All the same it was not quite easy to picture him as a commercial traveller. He was *all over* a young warrior, and rather a blood-thirsty looking one. It would have made a conscientious objector feel creepy to hear him talk of Germans, and tell of things he had seen; and for my part I thought it much healthier to be an Englishman making soup for him than a Boche asking him for quarter. I could too distinctly hear him say with those blazing eyes of his, "As for your soul, ask the Bon Dieu to take it, if he likes it. For me I am preventing your body from doing any more harm." He was a lonely person: not, he said, apt to make friends. He had one great love—for his mother.



"You see," he said once, "she has no one else. I am all the child she has. And I never had a father. He *must* have been bad: for she is good, look you, good, good, good. A dog of a gentleman, he. And it is I who stand between her and a broken heart. Please do not say anything. Only if I go back, and then do *not* come back—write to her. Eh?"

He never seemed to sleep; for, at whatever hour of the night the Ancient came into the ward, those gaunt eyes were turned to the door, wide open, and burning like a black fire. In another place I hope to tell how tenderly he did for me a work of gracious charity.

A very different lad was a young Norman *cultivateur* who came in on the same night. The Ancient found him lying on a stretcher in a very large and very crowded ward. Only a third of the wounded could be given any sort of bed: the rest lay on the floor, on straw or on the stretchers in which they had been brought in. He was wounded in the thigh, and suffered plenty of pain, but quite stolidly. He never asked for anything, or seemed to expect anything.

"Are you hungry or thirsty?" asked the Ancient, kneeling down in the corner (it was almost behind a door) by his side.

"All the two, Monsieur. But that makes nothing."

"I can't make much either, but I can make coffee and soup, and I'll go and do it."

He seemed mildly surprised, and he mildly smiled. When they were brought he watched the Ancient over the brim of the cup, as a horse might watch the man who had brought him unexpected hay over the edge of a manger.

"I am sure," said the Ancient, "you are Norman."

"It is that."

"*Cultivateur*?"

"Yes. Who told you?"

"The look of your big hands."

"I am from St. Martin l'Eglise. Widow Guilbert is my mother. She keeps the little coffee-shop at the corner past the bridge. There is a little land. I work on it. Henri too. Only he is doing *this*: like me. I am Charles."

"Your brother Henri?"

"Matilde's husband."

"Is Madame Matilde your only sister?"

"There is also Gervaise, but she died three days before the Day of the Kings. Jean is doing *this*: like me."

"He is husband of Madame Gervaise?"

"That is it:—Eh, but I was cold. That warms the stomach."

"Yes. But you must have blankets——"

"Monsieur also makes blankets! Is the war nearly finished?"

"God knows that! I'm going to get blankets. Then you can sleep."

He was a *Chasseur à Cheval*. And when the Ancient came back Charles Guilbert said:

"My horse was killed; *ça m'embête*. He hadn't done any harm to Guillaume."

"Nor you either, for that matter," said the Ancient laughing.

"No. But I would if I could. He has caused them to kill my horse. I like horses best. They do not mock themselves of one, if one is *bête*. When you go to Mass the people round the church, outside, amuse themselves thus; *ça m'embête*. Most of all when girls do it. I find that out of place. For girls are only a sort of men, less strong, and expect much help in the fields when it is harvest. Then they mock themselves of you (when they are all together and you go by, and they need no help any more). Do you find that right?"

"Oh no! I suppose there is one worse than the others?"

"You know that also? Philomène is the worst. And it is she who expects most help in harvest time."

"A disagreeable girl, evidently."

"Perhaps not. You know Normandy well?"

"Very little indeed. But my people came from there—from very near your *pays*: from Arques la Bataille."

"From Arques! The next *pays*."

And so for ever so long Charles Guilbert talked, and was happy, of his home, and his works in the fields (sighing to get back to it), and a certain small brother Philippin. Long afterwards Philippin crept up onto the Ancient's knee, in the neat, plain, prosperous Norman home, to ask whispered questions about Charles *à la guerre*.

But the Ancient never saw Philomène, and the Veuve Guilbert sniffed when he inquired casually concerning that young woman's health.

Meanwhile, in the ward at B., Charles talked with contented eyes of toil and home, and you would never have thought that he had a lump of "skrapnel," as he called it, in his thigh.

I am getting on rather slowly. But that was what one always felt; one was getting on very slowly, with so much to do. And if you hurry too much, lonely creatures don't get much comfort out of you. I think a wounded French lad, in a crowded English hospital, where no one talks French, is apt to feel lonely; and it seems to me that God, who has all Eternity to do things in, must be patient with an old man who has but a very little time. It never worried one to fancy that He was saying, "Why aren't you doing something else?" if the thing being done had cropped up, and was a decent thing in its way.

It must not be imagined that only the French wounded were grateful and gracious for the small homely services rendered to them. Our own, English, Irish, and Scots, were just as kind. It was a very busy but a very happy time, if one can say that decently of a time during which one saw so much suffering. It had its little jokes too, as when a young soldier, whose own clothes had been torn to ribbons and utterly spoiled by blood and dirt, set forth from the hospital, for the train that was to take him to Boulogne, in an uncommonly shabby black coat and a pair of black trousers that made knicker-bocker breeches on his unduly long legs. He was quite unperturbed by the chaff that his rig occasioned, and assumed a certain clerical air that was far funnier than his trousers.

The end of those days came, as everything came, rather suddenly. And one foggy morning (with a promise of sun, however) we marched away from B. to rejoin our headquarters wherever we could find them.

We passed through three villages that day, and in the first we had our first sight of the Indian troops. About four in the afternoon we came to M., a considerable village, of one long and wide street, whose houses were substantial and comfortable-looking. At a *largo*, as it would be called in Naples, stood the church, large and fine; and at right angles to it, a bit further down the hill, the *Mairie*. We sought the Mayor within, to arrange about billets, and found him—a crooked, crunched-up, weazened, preposterously-cranky-looking personage, with a brown death's-head for a face, and awful hands with talons for fingers. Those fingers were bent and twisted in all directions, as were his lean legs, as were his floppy ears,—as were all his features.

He looked absurdly eighteenth-century—old before the

Revolution, but not too old, when it came, to enjoy with all his twisted being the denouncing of royalists.

He looked so exaggeratedly unpleasant that it was impossible not to feel convinced that he must be pleasanter than his looks. Still, he was not pleasant, and he was far from desiring to seem so. Ultimately, however, he gave us a ramshackle school for the men, and without his permission I discovered a place that I was quite determined should be our billet for that night. It was a château, a real château, just beyond the village; the house itself very large indeed, and around it what had been extensive and imposing grounds. Yet it was obvious at the first glance that it was no longer a château in the sense of being the abode of any family of position. It looked, but was not, unoccupied. None of its doors or countless windows had the air of being ever opened. It refused to have an outlook, and was cynically shut up in itself. It was not in the least ruinous; nevertheless *Ichabod* was stamped all over it. The grounds must have been once the pride and pleasure of rich folk who had a taste for what was fine, and not ugly. They were now, not neglected but superseded: the parterres lay under close-cropped grass where sheep nibbled: against the statues calves rubbed themselves. There was a pretty lake with an island, and a really beautiful stone bridge led to it from the bank, itself sustained by a solid retaining wall of "rustic" stone (Inigo Jones type), topped by a handsome stone balustrade. Almost all the windows on the ground floor and first floor were shuttered—tall, wide windows such as only imposing saloons would boast. There were two higher floors.

The Ancient went back to the Mayor and asked boldly for billets at the château.

"There is abundance of room," he declared, "and we don't want anything but shelter. We have our own food, and our own bedding."

The Mayor pretended difficulties, but could not formulate them, and the billets were given.

Then the Ancient went off—it was half a mile or more away—to get possession. Passing through a sufficiently imposing gateway with a lodge beside it, he encountered an old man, who instantly proclaimed himself too deaf to hear anything—but into his ear an obvious granddaughter came forth from the lodge to whisper, with the best results.

"Is M. le Marquis away—at the war, perhaps?" asked the Ancient of the little girl.

(He felt convinced that M. le Marquis was as far away as the French Revolution.)

"There is no M. le Marquis," said the little girl.

"There was," said the grandfather.

"When?"

"Oh, *dans le temps*, when there were kings."

"It is Monsieur Chose now," said the granddaughter.

"What does he make?"

"Bicycle-saddles."

"Is he here?"

"Not yet. About seven o'clock he comes. Madame is here."

"His wife?"

"No. His wife's mother. Madame is dead. Monsieur Pierre is at the war. Monsieur Louis is here—but he is going soon. Mademoiselle will open the door."

"Voilà," said the grandfather.

And the Ancient went on. At the great, stern-looking door, a singularly inhospitable-looking dog was in waiting. He resembled a wolf, and was a wolf's grandson. He had a slinking manner, and beautiful teeth. His objection to anyone's ringing the bell was undisguised: when the bell did ring he wailed aloud.

"I hope they'll be quick," thought the Ancient.

They were not at all quick, and it wasn't "they" at all, when it was anybody. It was Mademoiselle. A girl of fifteen, neatly dressed, with a tucked-up gown, and a smell of soft-soap hovering round her.

"I have billets, please, Mademoiselle, from the Mayor, for four officers. We shall not give you any trouble, for we have each a servant, and we bring our own food and our bedding."

"I will ask Madame."

And she shut the door, and the dog looked gratified, evidently saying, "Ah! I told you so."

"But you're quite wrong, *mon vieux*," said the Ancient, and the dog wailed aloud.

In no hurry appeared Madame—stoutish, not unprosperous, but scarcely arrived (on the road to gentility) at the dignity of being *bourgeoise*. Neither she nor Mademoiselle were surly, but they were far from affecting geniality. However, the result was admission. A queerly tall, but most dignified hall; then a sombre and gaunt, but impressive staircase; the whole inside of the house panelled with mahogany, and

the stairs themselves and the balustrades—right up to the fourth floor—of mahogany, still highly polished and not in the least damaged, or decayed.

At each landing were immense mahogany doors, with exquisitely carved gilt locks and door-handles: every door inexorably closed, but each obviously leading to suites of vast rooms.

At the fourth floor Madame and Mademoiselle paused.

"Wherever Monsieur chooses, here," said Madame.

Even up here the rooms were fine, and they were furnished—with excellent furniture of a good period (Louis XVI.); and the wall-papers were of delightful design and still fresh—after over a hundred years: some of the rooms were not papered, but hung with damask silk.

"You see," said Madame, "there are beds enough."

Perhaps the Ancient's consuming wonder as to whose all this had been showed itself in his face, as he looked around.

"It is all my son-in-law's now," said Madame, and the Ancient asked no questions.

There was nowhere the smallest hint of occupation. There were excellent beds, in really fine bedsteads, but no bedding. And one felt a conviction that no one ever entered here, at night, except ghosts. As for the ghosts they hardly pretended to hide themselves. Out of every mirror they seemed to peer—whereas the living look *into* mirrors.

In this sumptuous wilderness we encamped that night. But first the Ancient had to go and find the other officers; and also the Curé, to arrange about Mass in the morning.

The Curé was an old man, and very pleasant, and quite delighted at the idea of having eighty English soldiers in his church next morning. It was a fine church, and well-kept; very large and crowded next morning with a devout congregation. During the Mass, said by the Ancient, the Curé mounted the pulpit and said all sorts of things out of his own head about the Ancient (for he knew nothing on earth about him) to his people, who evidently liked it. At that Mass the whole family from the château "assisted."

Afterwards the Ancient asked M. le Curé about them, but he had nothing to say out of his own head.

"Oh! Monsieur Chose—he makes bicycle-saddles. A respectable person."

"But the château—it cannot always have belonged to him."

"But no. Only since two years."

"And before the Revolution?"

"Ah: before the Revolution it belonged to M. le Marquis de la R."

And that was all that the Ancient ever could discover about a place that had "history" peering out of every corner of it. He couldn't even discover why M. Chose had cared to buy it, since he certainly could not be said to live in it—he actually did live in the kitchen.

To make public confession—I have always given way to rash judgment about M. Chose. His name was, of course, not Chose: it was a Flemish name, and he was not like a Frenchman, nor was his son; nor were Madame and Mademoiselle like French women. I feel sure they were not. That is not the rash judgment. But one found German-paid folk in so many places far from Germany, and there seemed so little reason for finding M. Chose there—that one wondered. No one in the village would talk freely about them.

M. Chose and M. le Maire—were they pensioners? Pensioners of that enemy who had planted his pensioners everywhere before the war?

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

## THE COMMON SOLDIER

**O** YOU young lad lying still there, and grey, on the grass—  
Grey, save the blot on your throat where the blood is a  
blackening mass—

Was it power you caught at and missed? Was it gold, was it  
fame?

Or—was it something else which is but a name  
(Empty and gone on the air like your own vanished breath)  
To them that for gain and for glory have thrown you to death?

It is this, by the smile on your lip: lie still on the sod  
Because that you could not be false to your fellows and God.  
Lie still there, my brother, my comrade, my dear one, and be  
A curse, or a dumb cry for pardon, as God shall decree;  
But I, with heart humbled and shaken to tears as I pass,  
Will envy you lying there still and grey and cold on the grass.

GEOFFREY BLISS.



# GENUFLEXIONS AND AVES

A STUDY IN ROSARY ORIGINS.

## PART II.

**I**N the first part of this article evidence was quoted which, as I venture to urge, establishes beyond contention the following facts:

1) That from the fourth century onwards the practice of multiplying genuflections existed in the East and has lasted on there continuously down to the present time, also that this form of asceticism was adopted with special ardour in Ireland, and that from these two opposite extremities of the Continent it had spread before the year 1200 throughout the greater part of Europe.

2) That these genuflections were not made at random, but counted—*certis vicibus et dinumeratis*, says Walafrid Strabo—with a view to executing some prescribed or self-imposed programme, so that we commonly hear of them in fifties, hundreds, or multiples of a hundred.

3) That these genuflections were frequently accompanied by the repetition of short prayers or devotional formulæ, this feature being particularly noticeable in the case of those genuflections prescribed by the various penitential codes.

Even if we were not in some cases definitely told of the words which were used, it would be quite certain that in the long centuries during which this practice was growing up the *Ave Maria* had no part in it. No serious student maintains that the *Ave* was recognized as a separate devotional formula before the time of St. Peter Damian. But, even after this date, Père Mézard grossly exaggerates when he pretends that I have described the *Ave* as in general use among the *uneducated populace* during the twelfth century. I have never said or thought anything of the kind.<sup>1</sup>

And here I venture to turn aside to make a few comments upon another astonishing assertion of the same Father, who has published, as previously mentioned in these pages, an

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH*, Nov. 1901, p. 492, and my article "Hail Mary" in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*.

elaborate refutation of my Rosary articles.<sup>1</sup> One of the proofs—in fact the only proof—which Père Mézard gives to show that the Rosary was known in the Dominican Order during the life-time of its founder is derived from a passage in the *Vita Fratrum* of Gerard de Fracheto, who wrote about the year 1260. Gerard declares that in the very earliest days when St. Dominic and Blessed Jordan ruled the Order of Preachers a marvellous and indescribable spirit of fervour was conspicuous in all its members.

You might see them [he writes] some after daily and most pure confessions bewailing their own sins and those of others with long drawn sighs, bitter sobbings and loud exclamations, others yoking night to day in continued prayer as they toiled through as many as one hundred or two hundred genuflexions (*alios in orationibus noctem jungentes cum die, centenis et ducentenis genuflexionibus laborantes*).<sup>2</sup>

"This," remarks Father Mézard, "is as if Gerard had said that they recited the Hail Mary one hundred and two hundred times. *For in those days genuflexions went with the Ave and hardly served for any other purpose.*"<sup>3</sup> This is a wonderful utterance in view of the many examples, purely penitential in character, quoted in the first part of this article; and the number might easily be added to. If the people who made genuflexions by the hundred were as a matter of course employed in repeating the *Ave*, Père Mézard has saved us the trouble of demonstrating that the devotion of the Rosary, or its equivalent, was known to many in the twelfth century and even earlier. St. Hathebrandus, St. Stephen of Grandmont, Blessed Hamo,<sup>4</sup> St. Bartholomew,<sup>5</sup> and others who might be named, all must be assumed to have said large numbers of *Aves* because they occupied long hours in making genuflexions. But we shall in all probability be told that in the case of the early Dominicans the genuflexions must have accompanied *Aves*, because Galuagnus de la Flamma, who wrote about 1333, declared in reproducing this statement that some of the brethren "genuflected 100, others 200 times and recited most devoutly as many Ave Marias." Père Mézard does not inform his readers that

<sup>1</sup> D. Mézard, O.P., *Etude sur les Origines des Rosaire réponse aux articles du P. Thurston, S.J., parus dans le Month, 1900—1901, Caluire, 1912.*

<sup>2</sup> Gerard de Fracheto, *Vita Fratrum* (Ed. Reichert), p. 148.

<sup>3</sup> Mézard, *Etude*, pp. 85, 86.

<sup>4</sup> See *Analecta Bollandiana*, II, 504.

<sup>5</sup> Simeon of Durham (Rolls Series), I. 305. St. Bartholomew died in 1193.

Galuagnus in the same passage goes on further to state that "a number of the brethren in those days used constantly to be raised from the ground some one cubit, others two cubits, others three cubits, while the rest of the community looked on in admiration."<sup>1</sup> Neither does he mention that the late Father Reichert, the Dominican editor of the chronicle, warns us that Galuagnus' amplifications can only be received with great caution.<sup>2</sup> For example, while Gerard de Fracheto is content to say that the primitive Dominicans confessed every day, Galuagnus, writing sixty or seventy years later, does not scruple to declare that *every* brother made sacramental confession three times each day, morning, noon and evening, bewailing his smallest faults with tears.<sup>3</sup> Father Reichert, who quotes this as an illustration of Galuagnus' extravagance, clearly shows from his tone that he did not believe a word of it. But Père Mézard is convinced that any early Dominican who made genuflexions must have been busied in reciting *Aves*,<sup>4</sup> and consequently he is satisfied that St. Dominic's own practice of the devotion is placed beyond doubt by the following passage of his biographer, Theodoric de Appoldia:

St. Dominic, his eyes turned towards the crucifix before the altar or in the chapter house, looked fixedly upon it bending his knees over and over again up to 100 times. Sometimes from after Compline until midnight he did nothing but rise up and genuflect alternately.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Galuagnus (Ed. Reichert), p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> "Nonnisi magna cum cautela adhibita opiniones ejus (Galuagni) accipienda." Reichert Preface, p. v.

<sup>3</sup> "Quilibet frater omni die mane, meridie, sero sacramentaliter confitebatur, minimas culpas cum lacrimis aperte cum circumstantiis exprimebant."—*Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> I am anxious not to be misunderstood. It is true that the *Ave* did eventually become associated with repeated genuflexions. In the time of Galuagnus (1330) I do not doubt that when a man was seen making a hundred genuflexions this most commonly meant that he was saying a hundred *Aves*. Even in the twelfth century the process had begun. But I do not think it was ever true that "la génuflexion ne servait guère que pour l'Ave," certainly not in the time of St. Dominic. What I protest against is that because St. Dominic or his companions made a hundred genuflexions under circumstances which not only do not suggest but positively exclude the idea of devotion to our Lady, Father Mézard should take this as direct proof of the practice of the Rosary in the earliest days of the Order.

<sup>5</sup> "Post hæc sanctus Dominicus ante altare sive in capitulo fixo vultu ad crucifixum firmo intuitu respiciebat eum, genua flectens iterum atque iterum sive centies; imo quandoque a post completorium usque ad mediam noctem modo elevabat se, modo genua flectebat, sicut Jacobus Apostolus, etc." *AA.SS.*, Aug. I. p. 626.

It is characteristic of Père Mézard that he does not give us the slightest inkling of the context in which this passage occurs. He does not tell his readers that the whole of this long chapter is taken up with an account of the Saint's austerities and his methods of prayer, and that our Lady's name is not so much as mentioned in it. He does indeed retain the fact—one would almost think that it was left there by an oversight—that St. Dominic kept his eyes all the time fixed on the crucifix, but he has made a clean sweep of Theodoric's comment that at such times the Saint was penetrated with a deep sense of God's mercy upon himself and other sinners, so much so that

at times he could not restrain himself from speaking aloud but was overheard by the brethren saying "Unto Thee O Lord will I cry; O my God, be not Thou silent to me, lest if Thou be silent to me I become like them that go down into the pit," and other similar texts of Scripture.<sup>1</sup>

Certainly such ejaculations are not suggestive of the recitation of the Rosary, and another account of the same manner of prayer, which is printed by Fathers Balme and Lelaidier, O.P., in their valuable and critical *Cartulaire de Saint Dominique*, declares that the making of these genuflexions at all sorts of odd moments had become a sort of second nature to the holy founder, and that in doing so he used the words "I have lifted up my eyes to Thee, O Lord, who dwellest in the heavens, see how my soul has confidence in Thee."<sup>2</sup>

Father Mézard admits that the *Ave* is not mentioned, but finds it impossible to attach any other meaning to these genuflexions repeated during many hours continually. "How," he says, "can we help seeing here the beloved *Ave* repeated with love a hundred, two hundred or perhaps a thousand times?"<sup>3</sup> Of course it is intrinsically possible and even likely that the Saint did occasionally use the angelical salutation in this way—it was a common practice among the Cistercians with whom he had had much to do—but it is not a little curious that the brethren who wrote so fully about his devotional practices, providing a number of careful sketches to show the position in which he held his body when genuflecting, prostrating, etc., have never thought it worth while to mention

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Balme et Lelaidier, *Cartulaire*, Vol. III, p. 283.

<sup>3</sup> *Etude*, p. 91.

the weapon with which, as we are told, he overthrew the Albigensian heresy, and which was specially committed to him by a revelation of the Mother of God herself.

If further evidence be needed to show that the practice of penitential genuflections had in no way died out in St. Dominic's time, and that in using it himself he was simply adopting the fashion prevalent in an earlier age, I may briefly refer to certain facts recorded in the Lives of three contemporaries of his. Blessed John de Montmirail, a French Cistercian monk, died in 1217. In an inquiry held after his death with a view to his canonization, Odo, one of the witnesses, declared that John had hard swellings on his knees from the frequency of his genuflections (*callos turgentes in genibus ex frequentia genuflexionum*), and similarly a hard place or bump upon his forehead from his constantly knocking his head against the ground in prayer, adding that he had repeatedly seen these swellings and had noticed his forehead all covered with dust. So also another witness in the process declared on oath that the callus on his knees was so horny that a needle would break before it would pierce it.<sup>1</sup>

Of St. Hedwig, Duchess of Silesia (1174—1243), even before she became a Cistercian nun, it is recorded that after praying for a while prostrate she would rise up

and with frequently repeated genuflections she did honour to Him who for our sakes was saluted by those who knelt in mockery. She was never seen to pray seated, and after she had stood upright for a while she used suddenly to fall upon her bare knees, upon which hard lumps had formed as big as two eggs or, as others affirmed who had seen them, as big as two closed fists.<sup>2</sup>

Again, let us take the case of Blessed Mary of Oignies, who was born about 1177 and who died in 1213. In this case we have a distinct reference to *Aves* and the honouring of our Blessed Lady.

First of all, without a pause, in the ardour of her heart, she bent her knees 600 times; secondly reading through the entire psalter upright, she offered to the Blessed Virgin the angelical salutation, kneeling, at the conclusion of each psalm; thirdly, when the spirit of devotion moved her yet more strongly (*austro flante vehementius*), striking herself three hundred times with the rod of discipline, she made a genuflection at each blow, offering

<sup>1</sup> *Acta Sanctorum*, Sep. viii. 201, 202.

<sup>2</sup> Henriquez, *Libra Cistercii*, p. 189.

herself as a victim to God and our Blessed Lady in this long drawn martyrdom and with the three last blows, to give flavour to the others, she drew blood freely. Finally she consummated the sacrifice with fifty more simple genuflexions.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, as Cardinal James de Vitry, her friend and biographer, points out, there were in all 1100 genuflexions, and this she kept up for thirty days together. If Father Mézard prefers to consider this as another way of saying the Rosary, it is not for me to say him nay.

I have called this article "A Study of Rosary Origins," and I now propose to give some account of the manner in which, as I conceive, the practice of genuflexions may have influenced the development of the devotion. We may take for our starting point a passage already alluded to, which is found in the *De virginitate* of St. Athanasius, and belongs consequently to the middle of the fourth century. St. Athanasius there exhorts the consecrated virgin to recite as many psalms as she can, standing, but at the end of each psalm to make a genuflexion and say a prayer.<sup>2</sup> Now this idea of punctuating the recitation of the psalms with genuflexions and prayers seems to have spread very widely both in East and West. We are told in the *Apophthegmata Patrum* that Abbot Serapion read steadily through the whole of the psalms and made a prayer after each.<sup>3</sup> The genuflexion is probably taken for granted, but the evidence is reliable and belongs to the fourth century. From Cassian, who wrote at the beginning of the fifth, we learn a good deal more, though there is no occasion to enter into minute details here. What is plain is that the monks with whom he was familiar all practised this method of reciting the psalter, though there were certain minor diversities of usage. Each psalm was said standing or sitting, but at the end a prostration was made and then a prayer was said aloud by the presiding monk, while all the rest apparently

<sup>1</sup> *AA.SS.*, June, iv. p. 553. It is morally impossible that Blessed Mary of Oignies could have got this from St. Dominic's teaching; she died eight years before him. One "tradition" says that the Rosary was revealed to the Saint at Rocamadour in 1219, another declares that it was at Le Puy in 1217, a third names Muret in 1213, a fourth says La Prouille, c. 1208. Note especially that out of Mary of Oignies' 1,100 genuflexions, only 150, viz., those intercalated between the Psalms, were accompanied with *Aves*.

<sup>2</sup> Τοσοῦτους δὲ ψαλμοὺς εἰπεῖν, ὅσους δύνῃ στήκουσα εἰπεῖν, καὶ κατὰ ψαλμὸν εὐχὴ καὶ γονυκλισία ἐπιτελεῖσθαι. Athanasius, *De Virginitate*, ch. 20. Ed. Goltz, *Texte und Untersuchungen*, N.F. xiv. Hft. 2, p. 55.

<sup>3</sup> See Migne, *P.G.*, Tom. 65, p. 416, ἀρξάμενος τὸ ψαλτήριον κατὰ ψαλμὸν ἐποιεῖ εὐχὴν.

stood and held up their hands in a position designated in Ireland as the *crossfigil*, a position which has nowadays degenerated into the *expansis manibus* with which the priest reads the collects or preface of the Mass. Cassian commends certain Egyptian monks whom he had visited because all this was done without haste and without any concessions to the instinct of sloth. Some religious, he complains, threw themselves down on the ground almost before the psalm was finished, and were in no hurry to get up again because they found this position of prostration a reposeful one. But the Egyptian monks whom he is commending, *puncto brevissimo procidentes humi summa velocitate consurgunt*,<sup>1</sup> falling upon the ground for a very brief space rise up together with the utmost celerity. This was no doubt the beginning of that very expeditious *Flectamus genua* and *Levate* which we witness in our churches to-day. Certain it is in any case that this method of terminating each psalm with a prostration and prayer spread widely throughout the West as well as the East. So far as the East is concerned, Mr. Bannister speaks of "the eastern usage, which is as early as the fourth century, of saying a collect instead of *Gloria Patri* at the end of each psalm."<sup>2</sup> As for the West we may be content with noting two early and influential sources, the rules respectively of the Irish St. Columbanus and the Spaniard St. Fructuosus.

When praying in common [says St. Columbanus] all the brethren every night at the time of the office ought to kneel down without excitement in prayer at the end of all the psalms, saying in silence "Lord come to my assistance, Lord make haste to help me," and after they have repeated this versicle three times to themselves, let them rise with a common movement (*æqualiter*) from the kneeling of prayer.<sup>3</sup>

Similarly St. Fructuosus in his *Rule for Monks* directs that

In all the prayers of every one of the Hours both day and night they shall prostrate themselves upon the ground at the end of every psalm singing *Gloria (Patri)* to God, but in such order that no one shall bow down or rise up again before the president but that all shall rise with the greatest unanimity (*summa æqualitate*)

<sup>1</sup> Cassian in Migne, P.L., Vol. 49, pp. 87, 92—93, and cf. Plenkers, *Untersuchungen*, etc., p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> *Journal of Theological Studies*, xii. 281.

<sup>3</sup> St. Columbanus, *Regula Cenobialis*, Migne, P.L., lxxx. p. 221.



and stretching out their hands to heaven shall continue standing in prayer with the same uniformity with which they sink down.<sup>1</sup>

In almost the same terms St. Donatus of Besançon, who died about the middle of the seventh century, directs a community of religious women, for whom he drew up a Rule of Life, to prostrate at the end of every psalm, repeating silently during this brief prostration the words *Deus in adjutorium* down to *festina* three times.<sup>2</sup>

It was probably this practice which has left its traces in a certain number of early psalters in which we find a prayer or collect written out in full at the end of each psalm. Cardinal Tommasi has printed one such psalter at length,<sup>3</sup> and Dom S. Bäumer, in his *History of the Breviary*, has given a rough list of psalters of this class,<sup>4</sup> to which, of course, other examples might be added, for instance the "Psalterium Achadei Comitiss," written in A.D. 884, and now in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. This practice of intercalating prayers and prostrations between the psalms seems to me particularly important, because, as I hold, it set the fashion for the correct recitation of the psalter *in private* during long ages to come. When, as was the case in the days of St. Chrodegang († 766), an undetermined number of psalms were recited by the monks to fill the gap between the Nocturns and the Office of Lauds, running on to forty or fifty, according as time allowed, until the ecclesiastic presiding gave the signal to stop, the only punctuation of the psalmody, so to speak, was the prayer and prostration which marked the conclusion of each individual psalm. There is much which suggests that this observance was retained as the norm for the private recitation of the psalter,<sup>5</sup> though in the public chanting of the Office in choir new rules were introduced and arbitrary procedure restricted. Thus I am inclined to believe that the *Pater noster* which we still recite before the absolution and lessons of each nocturn is a survival of the prayer and prostration which formerly were made at the end of every psalm. The custom of saying a *Pater* was

<sup>1</sup> Migne, *P.L.*, Vol. 87, p. 1101. Here we have, no doubt, the primitive practice of which our bowing at the *Gloria Patri* is the survival.

<sup>2</sup> Migne, *P.L.*, Vol. 87, p. 285.

<sup>3</sup> See Tommasi, *Opera*, Ed. Vezzosi, Rome, 1748, Vol. II.

<sup>4</sup> Bäumer, *Histoire du Bréviaire* (French Translation), I, 360, note.

<sup>5</sup> I refer particularly to the language of the penitentials and the practice of individual ascetics.

not known in Rome, Amalarius tells us,<sup>1</sup> but it was general in Gaul and it has finally prevailed. Moreover, the ancient custom seems undoubtedly to have been to make a prostration during the recitation of this *Pater*, though here the Roman and Benedictine influences have been exercised in restraint of the more demonstrative Celtic traditions. In many Customs of the later middle ages the prostration still survived. For example, in a twelfth century document of certain Augustinian Canons, printed by Martene, we are told that on festivals a profound inclination was to be made during the *Pater* which preceded the lessons, from which inclination no one was to raise himself until the president had given his blessing to the reader; but on ordinary days the monks were to prostrate themselves in saying the *Pater*.<sup>2</sup> So again at Exeter it is directed in the fourteenth century Ordinal of Bishop Grandisson that the canons are to "make a prostration at Matins after the versicle, while the *Pater noster* is said before the lessons, until the words *Et ne nos*."<sup>3</sup> So, too, the Carmelites, according to the fourteenth century Ordinal of Sibert de Beka, made a similar prostration,<sup>4</sup> and it would probably be easy to find many other examples. In the Orthodox Church a similar compromise seems to have been effected, substituting prostrations at the end of each *stasis*, or each group of psalms, for the prostration which originally followed each psalm, but there can be no need to investigate this aspect of the subject more minutely at present.<sup>5</sup> We may note, however, the ascetical practice of St. Dominic Loricatus, developed probably under partly Greek influences. It will be remembered that besides extreme austerity of life the distinctive feature of his devotion consisted in the recitation of a prodigious number of psalters. The Greeks divide the psalter into twenty *kathismata*. St. Dominic appears to have

<sup>1</sup> "Nam quod Galli, finitis psalmis nocturnalibus, solemus cantare orationem dominicam, Romana ecclesia prætermittit." Amalarius, *De Eccles. Off.* III, 6. See Batiffol, *Hist. du Bréviaire*, 3rd Edn., p. 120.

<sup>2</sup> "A qua inclinatione non se erigant, donec qui tunc præsidet cunctis lectori benedictionem dederit; ceteris vero diebus prostrati id faciant." Martène, *De Antiquis Eccl. Ritibus*, III, 308.

<sup>3</sup> *Ordinale Exoniense* (Henry Bradshaw Soc.), I, p. 10.

<sup>4</sup> S. de Beka, *Ordinale Carmelitarum*, p. 10, and cf. p. 17.

<sup>5</sup> See, however, the μεσονυκτικόν in the Ὁρολόγιον τὸ μέγα (Venice, 1895), pp. 9 and 12. Maltzew, *Andachtsbuch* (Berlin, 1895), p. 20. And cf. Ph. Meyer, *Die Haupturkunden für die Geschichte der Athosklöster* (Leipzig, 1894), p. 132, l. 14; p. 186, ll. 18—23; etc.; also Budge, *The Book of Governors*, II, 292, and Usener, *Der H. Theodosios*, pp. 45, 49, 150, 153—154.

taken two *kathismata* together and to have made in this way ten pauses in all, at any rate we are told that

It was his custom for every fifteen psalms (*ad omnes totius psalterii quindenos psalmos*) to kneel down a hundred times, despite the oppressive weight of the iron cuirass which he wore. But while he was carrying out this exercise he found he had no time for sleep either by day or night, so that it sometimes happened that while he was in the act of making a genuflexion he rested his head on the ground.<sup>1</sup>

This seems to show that the genuflexions of St. Dominic Loricatus in the eleventh century were really prostrations, as we have seen in so many other cases. The special purpose of the exercise was apparently to achieve the round number of 1000 genuflexions in reciting the complete psalter. But the evidence does not suggest that this example was followed either in East or West. The repetition of psalms with *genuflexions*, of which we hear so constantly in the later penitentials, most probably consisted in this: that a psalm was said standing, and then a prostration was made with which a brief prayer or ejaculation was included. In a burlesque Latin poem of the tenth century, known as the *Ecbasis Captivi*, we have a description of the saying of a psalter for a private intention that another person might not be "victimized."

Jam prope psalterium finivi carmine sacrum,  
Incumbens veniis ne forsan victimareris.  
Psalms explebo, cecini quos usque *Memento*,  
Psalmο finito, curvabor poplite fixo.<sup>2</sup>

One is inclined to conjecture that for *poplite fixo* (a stiff knee) we should perhaps read *poplite flexo* (a bent knee), but in any case it is plain that in reciting psalms with *venia* the inclination or prostration came at the end of each psalm. Now it must be remembered that, for those who could read, the psalter in the early middle ages was the great, and almost the only, prayer book. More particularly, as scores of documents might be quoted to prove, the recitation of the entire book of psalms was enjoined as the most favourite form of suffrage for the dead.<sup>3</sup> Further, the recitation of prescribed numbers of psalms was almost the commonest form of commutation for canonical penances. The psalms in the West

<sup>1</sup> *AA.SS.*, October, vi, p. 612; cf. pp. 618 and 623.

<sup>2</sup> *Ecbasis Captivi*, Ed. E. Voigt, ll. 769-773. The psalm *Memento* is ps. 131.

<sup>3</sup> On the recitation of the psalter, see what I have previously said in *THE MONTH*, October, 1900, pp. 407-409.

were commonly divided into fifties,<sup>1</sup> and this, it seems to me, is sufficient to explain the predominance of fifty and multiples of fifty in most of the entries in the penitentials. Let it not be forgotten, as was pointed out in my last article, that fifty psalms with genuflexions was the commonest commutation for a day's fasting,<sup>2</sup> and that for the illiterate man who could not recite psalms it was simply enjoined that he should prostrate himself on the ground 100 times, whilst he said at each prostration just these words, *Have mercy upon me O God and O Lord forgive my sins*. In other cases fifty *Pater noster*s was the penalty assigned.

But once given the need of repeating some simple exercise like this a definite number of times, running in many cases up to fifties or hundreds, is it not inevitable that some counting apparatus should have come into use? The proof it seems to me is furnished by what has taken place in the Orthodox Church, in which every monk has his *komboschaenion* (κομβοσχοίνιον), or knotted cord, although it is never employed by any except the Uniats for the recitation of what we should call the Rosary, *i.e.*, a number of Hail Marys. Here is what Dom Placid De Meester says of the uneducated, who like our lay-Brothers do not take part in the Office, among the monks of Mount Athos:

As for those who cannot read they are required to make compensation for their ignorance by a certain number of invocations counted off upon their κομβοσχοίνιον (or κομβολόγιον). This is the name given to a sort of rosary consisting of a hundred beads which is held in the left hand, whilst as each bead is counted with the fingers of the right hand, the words are recited "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy upon me a poor sinner." For each hour of the Office a number of rosaries are said in proportion to its length. The whole number of κομβοσχοίνια thus repeated amounts to 87 in a day.<sup>3</sup>

Even more curious is the information which Mr. Athelstan Riley gives as the result of a personal visit to one of the Athos Monasteries. He tells us that during meals a monk read aloud from some spiritual book. "Behind the door hangs a long string of knots called κομβοσχοίνιον (if this be made of beads, like the western rosary, instead of knots, it is called a κομβολόγιον)." Its use was the following:

If a monk has committed any fault, such as disobedience to

<sup>1</sup> See A. Goldschmidt, *Der Albani Psalter in Hildenheim* (Berlin, 1895), pp. 4, 5; and R. L. Ramsay, *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, VIII, pp. 486-488.

<sup>2</sup> See *THE MONTH*, May, 1916, p. 450.

<sup>3</sup> Placid De Meester, *Voyage*, p. 186.

the orders of the hegoumenos, whilst the rest are at their meal he has to take this string of knots or beads from off its peg and to go into the middle of the refectory. Here he stands repeating at each knot the prayer called the εὐχή, with a prostration each time, until the meal is over. This prayer is the ordinary form used by the Greek Christians and is therefore called "*the prayer*." If he wants any temporal or spiritual blessing he will not pray directly "grant this" or "give me that," but he will simply repeat the εὐχή slowly and with devotion for the length of time he wishes to be at prayer. It is as follows: "O Lord Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God, have mercy upon me." This use of the rosary is called the canon (κανών). Ἄ κομβοσχοίνιον also hangs in the church and is thus used. If during the long services a monk is observed to be slumbering in his stall, one of his brethren takes a small wax taper and lighting it at a lamp goes up softly to the culprit and affixes it to the arm of his stall. When the monk awakes out of his nap, he stands self-convicted by seeing the lighted taper at his elbow, and instantly taking the string of knots from its place he performs the canon in the midst of the church for the space of half an hour. This quaint custom only exists where the cœnobite rule is observed.<sup>1</sup>

So closely, however, is the counting apparatus associated with orthodox monasticism that in the Slavonic Profession Rite the bestowal of the *Vervitsa* (knotted cord or rosary) forms part of the ceremony of clothing with the Little Habit. In presenting this instrument to the novice the following form is used:

Take, Brother N., the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, for continual prayer to Jesus; for thou must always have the Name of the Lord Jesus in mind, in heart, and on thy lips, ever saying: "Lord Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy upon me a sinner."\*

These last words constitute the ejaculation most commonly used (though there are also others) in making the prostrations which are counted on the *komboschaenion*. Father N. F. Robinson, quoting from the *Catholic Encyclopædia* (Vol. XIII. p. 185), declares that "the custom of reciting prayers upon a string with knots or beads thereon at regular intervals has come down from the early days of Christianity," but,

<sup>1</sup> Athelstan Riley, *Athos or the Mountain of the Monks*, 1887, pp. 204, 205. This was at the *Skete* of the Prodomos (St. John the Baptist), a community of ninety Roumanian monks.

<sup>2</sup> I am indebted for these facts to the valuable little work just published by Father N. F. Robinson, S.S.J.E., under the title of *Monasticism in the Orthodox Churches*, pp. 159, 160. On pp. 154-158 a most interesting account is given of the *Komboschaenion* and its use.

while thinking this in itself very probable, I know of no positive evidence which can be quoted in support of the assertion.

To draw, then, at last to a conclusion, it seems to me on the whole most probable, in view of all the facts that have been set down, that our western Rosary has gradually evolved out of the earlier practice of making repeated genuflexions. The most easily imitated part of the penitential recitation of the psalter as it was carried out by the learned was the genuflexion, and, besides this, multiple genuflexions were often prescribed as an exercise of piety for their own sake. These genuflexions or prostrations were usually accompanied by a formula, and we know that in the West such short petitions as *Deus in adjutorium*, etc., or *Miserere mei Deus* were used for the purpose. Probably the *Pater noster* was not much employed in this way, for the simple reason that it was too long. If the *Pater noster* and genuflexion were joined together, as we know they sometimes were, the genuflexion was probably made *after* each *Pater*. Towards the close of the eleventh and during the two following centuries came a great wave of Marian devotion, marked, more especially in religious houses, by the adoption of the Little Office of Our Lady. In this the versicle *Ave Maria*, etc., frequently occurred, and being of its own nature a salutation,<sup>1</sup> the more devout were accustomed to genuflect in repeating these words. The same greeting, accompanied with a genuflexion, was also constantly used in paying honour to statues and other representations of our Blessed Lady, and gradually became recognized as a separate formula. Consisting, as in the beginning it did, of only the six words *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*, it was found very suitable for the purpose. Hence it came to be commonly used by those who wished to combine a penitential exercise with devotion to the Mother of God, and we find numerous examples even in the twelfth century of a long series of such prostrations. The fact that the *Ave* was extended by the addition of the words of St. Elizabeth probably caused the exercise to be regarded as on that account more penitential and more meritorious. But this extension made the *Ave* really less suitable as an accompaniment for such genuflexions, and in the end the genuflexions came to be omitted altogether and their very existence, as well as the penitential character of the exercise, was lost sight of. In

<sup>1</sup> The fact that in the art of this period the Archangel St. Gabriel is generally represented kneeling when he salutes our Blessed Lady should not be overlooked.



other words the genuflexion is the backbone of everything. In the unchanging East the exercise remains to this day very much what it was in the early centuries. In the West the accompanying prayer has changed, the *Ave* was adopted in its place, and when that grew too long for its purpose the genuflexion dropped out altogether, while the series of *Aves* alone has remained.

What specially recommends such an explanation to me is the fact that it seems to account better than any other theory for the strange diversity which we find in the number of *Aves* recited. We have 100 *Aves*, or 200 *Aves*, or 1,000 *Aves* in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, just as we have 100 prostrations, or 200 prostrations, or 1,000 prostrations spoken of in our records four or five centuries earlier. No very great stress seems to have been laid upon the number of 150, and the majority of early mediæval Rosaries, of which representations are preserved to us, show no special preference for five decades. We have three decades, or four decades, or ten decades, or divisions of five, or no divisions at all. The beads were just counters and no more. At the same time there was a certain prominence given to the fifty, or one hundred and fifty *Aves*, and this it seems to me constitutes a survival of the special esteem in which the psalms of David were held, and of that ancient practice of reciting the psalms with intercalated prayers which probably had suggested the first idea of reiterated and counted genuflexions as a special form of asceticism.

This article has already exceeded due limits, and it is only possible here to give the slenderest indication of the evidence on which I particularly rely to support this theory that in the twelfth century the *Ave* was rather the adjunct of the genuflexion, than the genuflexion the adjunct of the *Ave*. The evidence to which I refer is the fact that in nearly all these early examples, which are commonly appealed to as foreshadowing the multiple recitation of *Aves*, the element of austerity is made specially prominent. The example of Ada of Avesnes, of St. Aybert, of St. Ascelina, of Blessed Mary of Oignies quoted above, of the anchoresses in the *Ancren Riwele*, etc., are all of this nature. And I would specially direct the attention of the reader to the little dissertation in verse on the recitation of *Aves* which we find among the *Miracles* of Gautier de Coincy,<sup>1</sup> a French Benedictine monk, who wrote in or about the year 1223.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> See Gautier de Coincy, *Miracles* (Ed. Poquet), pp. 665—672.



# MISCELLANEA

## I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### MORE ABOUT DR. BENJAMIN CARIER.

**J**UST six months ago we examined in this periodical a curious statement made by Dr. Benjamin Carier, an Anglican clergyman in the reign of James I., who, in addition to his other ecclesiastical preferments, became a royal chaplain in 1610; and in 1613 was reconciled at Cologne to the Catholic Church. We must refer our readers back to what we wrote last December about his strange statement—in a letter to James I. giving the motives for his conversion—that before his reception into the Church he had received an assurance that “if your Majesty would admit the ancient subordination of the Church of Canterbury unto the Mother Church by whose authority all the Churches of England at first were, and the free use of that sacrament for which especially all the Churches of Christendom were first founded, the Pope for his part would confirm the interest of all those in present possession in any (former) ecclesiastical living in England—and would also permit the free use of the Common Prayer Book in English for Morning and Evening Prayer, with very little or no alteration.”

In our former remarks on this passage, while acknowledging without difficulty that Carier may have received an assurance of this kind, we doubted whether it had been given him by any Catholic authority of importance, such as the Nuncio to Germany or others of position whom he had met at Cologne or Liège, and suggested that he had been led to this belief by the very confident allegation made a few years previously by Chief Justice Coke, that such an assurance had been given by Pius V. in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

We are still of this mind, but since we wrote in December, our attention has been called to a correspondence between Carier and others during the last half of 1613, and the first half of 1614, which throws further light on the history. This correspondence does not alter our opinion on the main question of the source whence Carier derived his assurance, but it fills in the details of the episode, and is worthy therefore of

the attention of those who take interest in the byways of English Catholic history.

The correspondence we refer to is to be found in the documents contained in the Appendix to the second volume of Dodd's *Church History of England*, Dodd having found them among the archives of Douay College. There are fifteen letters in this correspondence of which the first is a letter written on Sept. 23, 1613, to Carier, then staying with the Capuchins at Cologne, by Isaac Casaubon, then in London, and in intimate relations with the King. Carier had forwarded to him in the previous July a treatise in which he gave in outline his idea of the terms on which an agreement might be reached between the two sides for a reunion of Churches, an object for which it is otherwise known that King James was desirous. Casaubon was asked to lay this before the King, but in his reply he declines in Carier's interest to do so, as it was easy to foresee that it would bring down on the latter the King's displeasure, which might have for him serious consequences. Carier seems, however, to have persisted in his endeavour to get his treatise into the King's hands; for there is a letter in the collection from Sir Robert Lake, one of the English Secretaries of State, dated Nov. 1, 1613, in which he speaks of the King as having received the treatise, and in his indignation, having signified to Carier that it was the royal wish he should return to England at once, which naturally Carier made excuses for not doing. Two letters dated respectively September 6 and September 13, 1613, are from the Nuncio who resided ordinarily at Liège. Both are addressed to Carier, and from them we learn that the latter had written to the Nuncio but had not yet seen him. From the first of these letters it appears that Carier had laid before him some scheme for the conversion of England, but that the Nuncio considered, "as it contained matters that were new and of immense importance which would have to be laid before the senate of the whole world (? the Cardinals *in curia*) and examined by persons of the most acute intelligence and judgment, the greatest prudence and maturity of thought must be exercised in bringing them forward." The second letter is to the same effect. It is evident that the Nuncio thought the scheme was one on which it would not be prudent for him to express an opinion. In both letters, on the other hand, the Nuncio, who writes like a man of God, exhorts Carier, who had not as yet been received into the Church himself, not to put off this

necessary act, as he must see that if he wished the blessing of God on his scheme, he must look to his own soul in the first place.

Besides these there are six letters to Carier from Father Copperus, Rector of the Jesuit College at Cologne, to whom he went, perhaps at the Nuncio's suggestion, and by whom apparently he was received into the Church either in October or November, 1613. The subject of all these six letters is the interest he takes in Carier's spiritual state, and the good wishes he has for his labours for the conversion of England. He does indeed mention in his letter of December 23, 1613, that Bellarmine and the General of the Jesuits had been told of Carier's conversion and of his intention to publish his reasons for it, but that is all. And in the one written on February 13, 1614, he rejoices to hear from Carier that King James has "read and re-read the treatise sent him, and hopes the best from this augury." But nowhere throughout his letters is there any expression of opinion as to the feasibility of Carier's scheme, nor was he in a position to give any assurance of what the Pope would do. Besides those mentioned there are two short letters from Cardinal Duperron, who, as his writings attest, was specially interested in anything bearing on the conversion of England.

But now we come to a letter written on May 25, 1614, which gives us a connected account of what Carier at that date had to say on the subject we are concerned with. It is addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was at the time George Abbot, a prelate whom Carier in his Anglican days must have known personally. He begins with a reference to Casaubon's letter, which he says made him all the more anxious to persevere in his desire to get his treatise into the King's hands. He, therefore, as a precaution, showed it first to "divers learned men on this side, and to some Jesuits, that I might see whether they were so uncharitable towards his Majesty, as Casaubon was towards the Church of Rome." He "found it was otherwise," as he "hoped afterwards to make plain by their letters written to him." Then follows a long passage, which we must quote:

I wrote from Colen to the Nuncio who was then at Liège, and made these proposals to him which I prayed him to present unto the See apostolick: viz. That his Holiness would deal with his Majesty by all fatherly and pastoral means, as his Majesty might be made sensible his Holiness did love him, and did seek for

neither wealth nor authority from him; but only for the salvation of his soul and the good of his posterity and kingdom. That it might be known in England that, if his Majesty would admit a conference, and receive the Roman liturgy, being proved to be agreeable to all antiquity, his Holiness would permit also unto the English the use of other matters, and evensong in English, so far as it should appear not to be contrary to Catholic religion. That it might also be known in England that no churchman or church tenants should sustain any loss of their benefices or leases, by the admission of Catholic religion; but that themselves and their wives and children should enjoy the terms they do now enjoy by law.

He goes on to say that the Nuncio spoke very respectfully of his Majesty, but exhorted Carier to look first to his own soul. The result was that Carier put himself into the hands of Father Copperus, by whom he was reconciled to the Church, after which he went to Liège to meet the Nuncio whom he "had not yet seen." The Nuncio was very kind, but "because I perceived him loath to meddle much in matters I moved unto him, therefore I wrote myself to Rome at two several times. In the first I made myself known to his Holiness, to Cardinal Bellarmine, and to the General, and in my second I propounded the same matters unto them which I had formerly propounded unto the Nuncio. I have received answer unto my first from them all, full of piety and spiritual consolation." But he makes no mention of any answer to his second letter, which must mean that he got from Rome no approval of the proposals he was making to the King; and indeed it will be noted that in the account he gives in this letter to Abbot of the suggestions he was making to the Catholic authorities, there is nothing whatever to justify the passage which is said to be in the book he published in 1649, where he speaks of an assurance received "from some of the greatest." Moreover, the letter he sent to King James, through Casaubon, was written before he had laid his idea before either the Pope, or Cardinal, or Nuncio. It remains likely then that the "assurance" of which he spoke in his treatise could only have come, as we inferred in our December observations, from some such Anglican source as is there suggested.

S. F. S.

## A DARWINIAN DOGMATIST ON WAR.

THE current press is full of half-digested ideas, not only on the subject of religion, where human incapacity is excusable, but also concerning matters of everyday experience, and the mental health of its readers suffers accordingly. None of these ideas is more harmful at present than that which asserts that war—war such as we see it now—is inevitable in human affairs: that the utmost mankind can hope for is a temporary cessation of hostilities due to exhaustion, and that sooner or later the whole dreadful business will begin again to the ruin of future generations. To make this assertion is equivalent to saying that the heaven of Christianity which God has set in the corrupt mass of the world will never fulfil His purpose, and that a majority of the governing class of each great nation will permanently remain unaffected by Christian teaching. What purblind mortal has a right to say this? Yet this is what the literary Editor of the *Saturday Review*, Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, says more or less explicitly in a very ill-advised article, entitled "The Immortality of Strife," and published on May 13th, an article full of those half-digested truths, those omissions of vital qualifications, and those glib generalities which are the bane of journalistic writing. From the very beginning of the war this, unfortunately, has been the spirit of the *Saturday's* teaching. Not the editor merely but a number of habitual contributors have preached the dismal and disheartening doctrine that no amount of fighting now will prevent fighting hereafter, that the Christian ideals,—the growth of justice and law and civilized methods—are impossible of realization, that the moral influence which has gradually tamed and humanized the brute in man has reached the limits of its power. Now, these counsels of despair are in every way most pernicious, they injure them that give and them that take, for nothing so unnerves those who seek to put down an evil as the persuasion that it is irrepressible. This is the ill service which such journals as the *Saturday Review*, carried away, it would seem, by devotion to the fetich of universal military service, are doing to the cause of humanity at this world-crisis. Yet the editor, who presumably would call himself a Christian, is so far from realizing his unchristian attitude that he declares—

The worst service any public man, however well-meaning, . . . can do his country, and can do the cause of peace is to represent this war as a war to end war. The notion is wholly wrong. It is a ridiculous notion, opposed to that which the logic of life, historic experience and quiet thought assure us.

By the misty phrase, the "logic of life," the writer probably means the struggle for existence, waged by the brute creation when left to itself, and by man before he comes under the influence of reason, law, and religion. The assumption that helpful co-operation can never be substituted for hostile competition in the mutual dealings of nations, as it has been in those of individuals, is characteristic of all these Darwinian dogmatists. It surely is at least conceivable that the same process which taught the citizen to put the good of the State before his merely personal interests may eventually bring about the subordination of merely national interests to the good of Christian civilization as a whole. Healthy rivalry need not cease. There can be competition which yet is governed by justice: the national conscience is just as subject to the moral law as the individual.

As to "historic experience," what history shows is a progressive mitigation of the evils of warfare amongst civilized nations due very largely to Christian influences; moreover, the disappearance through the same cause of a host of seemingly inveterate social abominations, such as slavery, judicial torture, duelling, public drunkenness. Who is Mr. G. A. B. Dewar that he should set arbitrary bounds to the spread of such influences and say equivalently all other evils may be abolished yet shall not war? War is a relic of barbarism, a desperate device resorted to by Justice when reason, law and religion have failed to vindicate her claims. It is a hideous anachronism amongst civilized men, due to the defective civilization of many. The fact that its apologists have to appeal, as this writer does, to "Nature" shows whence they derive their false notions.

Natural history, [says Mr. Dewar] field natural history, especially now in May—the most observably cruel and yet, *by one of those ironies which Nature affects*, the loveliest of seasons—is an illuminating object-lesson in war and strife. It tells us, beyond the faintest doubt, that war and strife are immortal so long as life on our world lasts.

This, of course, is rank Darwinism: the translation to human society, as determinants of its progress, of the life-

conditions of wild and irrational creatures. The fatuous ascription to a personified "Nature" of the rational quality of irony is another indication of the same Godless belief. Why Mr. Dewar should consider the highly individualistic life of the woodlands, governed solely by instinct and the senses, and devoid of all capacity for social order, a proof "beyond the faintest doubt" that civilized nations are bound to act in the same way, only those familiar with the slipshod materialistic philosophy of the day and the credulity of the average "scientist" can understand. It is true that, by a sort of afterthought, the writer owns that this analogy must be taken "with reservations." The strife amongst men, he says, "is mitigated by two agencies: (1) By the Sermon on the Mount and the teaching of Christ; and (2) by humane politics and wise statesmanship." Yet his whole after argument ignores these agencies even as mitigating influences. He falls back again upon "Nature" as his crowning demonstration. Religion is not again mentioned, and his "wise statesmanship" resolves itself into—competition in armaments, the very bankruptcy of diplomacy! The old half-truth, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, which needs such careful qualification, is stated without reserve to be "profoundly true." Yet it is true only in the sense that, failing the defence of law, a great nation cannot be secure unless it is strong enough to protect its rights against its likely opponents. But it is not true if it means that war is the only way, or even a certain way, of preserving peace. There is another motto, more far-reaching in its effects, more Christian in its inspiration, viz., *Si vis pacem, para pacem*. If you want peace, take some pains to secure and preserve it. Don't make unjust claims, recognize the rights of others, purge your government of all oppression, whether of nations or of classes, organize courts of arbitration, make more and more alliances, avoid unnecessary trade disputes and discriminations, order your international dealings so as to prevent friction. There is much to do in the cause of peace besides keeping up a nation's military strength. The shallowness of much political thinking is shown by the fact that the other side of the "prepare for war" policy is always kept out of sight by our Jingo writers. Experience has proved that *Si vis bellum, para bellum* is also "profoundly true." In other words peace is not secured, but its violation only deferred, by armament competition between great nations.



It is sad to think that the pagan mentality evinced by this *Saturday Review* writer should be in any way prevalent when the time for settlement comes. It is not only shallow but unchristian, whereas we are fighting for Christian ideals, for the final predominance of law and order and justice. If nations are hereafter going to leave Christian morality out of their counsels, then, of course, Mr. Dewar and his like are right,—we are back again amongst primitive lusts and instincts. But what are we to think of the statesmanship which refuses to contemplate and to work for these higher ideals, and which has nothing better to offer to a world bled white by the most terrible war of all time than the prospect of having *inevitably* to prepare out of its very destitution for another and still more awful conflict? Isn't it time that Christianity was tried?

J. K.

## II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### Resurrection and Insurrection.

The insurrection in Dublin occurred in the week specially devoted to commemorating the Resurrection of our Lord. What a tragic contrast between the two events! Our Lord's rising typifies the undying vitality of God's cause, the triumph of right over might, of good over evil. The Dublin revolt to all unprejudiced eyes lacked the first elements of justification. Morality countenances rebellion only as the act of a grievously oppressed people who have no constitutional means of redress, and who may reasonably hope for success through this means. Now the Irish people as a whole had no hand or part in this revolt; it was the work of a small section, a combination of certain groups of malcontents. Nor are Irish grievances such as cannot be removed by agitation within the constitution: the chief grievance of all, the denial of the right of self-government, is well on the way towards removal by legislation. Finally, in the circumstances, there was no rational ground for expecting success. That is a point which does not need development. In nothing have the "Sinn Feiners" shown their entire lack of practical statesmanship more than in their misreading not only of the European situation but of the political conditions of their own country and the lessons of its history. The folly of their attempt was as manifest as its wickedness. Religion cannot inspire acts against reason. Mr. Birrell said in his defence that in certain districts some of the Catholic clergy supported the rebels. That

statement, founded on police reports, cannot be accepted without question. Sympathy with some of the "Sinn Fein" ideals need not imply endorsement of their ultimate aim—an independent Irish Republic, established by force of arms without regard to the wishes of the nation as expressed by its accredited representatives.

**The  
Silver  
Lining.**

Lamentable as the occurrence has proved, whether from the religious or the political standpoint, it is not without its good effects. It seems to have destroyed once for all two illusions which have been at the bottom of Irish discontent ever since the Union. The first is that an Irish State wholly independent of its neighbour is possible. People who dread and people who desire separation as the outcome of the movement for self-government do not realize that in the present circumstances of the world the security and even the existence of the British Empire necessitates Ireland being a member thereof, and that, left to herself politically, Ireland would still be dependent financially on Great Britain, and compelled to rely for protection on one or other of the Great Powers. Union of some sort is essential for the welfare of both. But mutual friendship also is essential for their safety, and friendship must be based on justice. The other illusion which seems to have perished is that it is possible for a democracy to be satisfactorily ruled by such an agency as Dublin Castle. All parties apparently are agreed that "Dublin Castle must go," to be replaced by something which deserves the confidence and invites the co-operation of the people. There seems no permanent alternative possible between the discredited system of "Crown Colony" rule and a measure of self-government within the Empire. The tragedy of Easter week has made this at least clear.

**The Function of  
Nationality.**

The senseless and hopeless armed revolt for which "Sinn Fein" was responsible should not be allowed to obscure what was admirable amongst the aims of the movement. It exhibited, doubtless, an exaggerated and perverted "Nationalism," but nationality in its proper place and within its proper limits is a good and fruitful principle. Each nation in virtue of the qualities which make it distinct has something of its own to contribute to the common stock of civilization. To Prussianise, or to Russianise, or to Anglicise, in the interests of political uniformity, is as mistaken a process ethically as it is in the sphere of government. It is a process, therefore, which every nation concerned—Poles, or Finns, or Irish, or whoever it may be—has a right to resist. To preserve a native language and literature, to develop a national spirit, to foster all that goes to make up a national "personality," to have imme-

diate control of the national resources and destinies—these are all legitimate aims on the part of every people, and in Ireland they found lawful expression in Parliamentary activities, the Land Purchase policy, the Gaelic League, the Pure Literature crusade, the various societies for safeguarding the Faith of helpless children and other like developments of modern times. But "Our-selves Alone" is not a possible nor a desirable ideal. No nation, even the strongest, is meant by Providence to stand alone. A cult of nationality which ignores or obscures the solidarity of the human race in origin and destiny is a perverse development, abhorrent to the Christian and the statesman alike. On the other hand, the subordination of the interests of one nation to those of another—which is not the same thing as the controlling of the interests of both to promote the prosperity of a greater whole in which they both share—is the other vicious extreme, a form of political slavery as unjust as is property in human bodies and souls. This is the avowed aim of Prussianism against which the consciences of the civilized nations have risen in revolt, and from which they should accordingly be scrupulously careful to keep themselves free.

**Intolerance in  
Canada.**

Ireland is not the only country wherein the question of what are the lawful claims of nationality awaits final solution. Nowhere, perhaps, is that question so complicated as in our great Dominion of Canada. Mr. Francis Grey, who over six years ago stated in these pages the general outlines of the problem,<sup>1</sup> endeavours in the current issue to elucidate one particular aspect of it—the teaching of French in Ontario Government Schools. As far as one can correctly form an opinion without personal knowledge of all the intricacies of the subject, our contributor seems certainly to make out a case for the French-speaking Canadians of Ontario. The British North America Act of 1867, which is the basis of the present Federal Constitution, recognizes complete equality between French and English in matters of politics, religion, and language. But the Provincial legislatures have complete control over their own purely internal affairs, including, of course, education, subject to the maintenance of existing rights at the time of the Union and to a right of appeal, on the part of aggrieved sections, to the Governor-General in Council. It is an historical fact that wherever Catholics are in a majority the religious educational rights of the minority are respected. There is no "school-question" in Quebec. But of other Provinces the same cannot be said. An intolerant Protestant majority in New Brunswick abolished denominational schools in 1870, in spite of the Constitution. And Manitoba in 1890 be-

<sup>1</sup> See "Race and Religion in Canada," *THE MONTH*, February, 1910.

gan a series of educational enactments tending to the same end,<sup>1</sup> the effect of which was to arouse racial and national animosities to a degree not yet allayed, and thus to endanger the peace of the Confederation. It would seem that the action of the Ontario legislature, as described by our contributor, is of a similar character.

**Division amongst  
Canadian  
Catholics.**

On the other hand, it does not appear to be admitted by the anti-French party that the two languages have exactly the same legal and official status in the Dominion. Canada, after all, belongs itself to a great English-speaking Confederation, the British Empire, and over the larger, though not the most populous, part of it the use of English is almost universal. This, no doubt, is one main consideration which moves those who live where English predominates to put difficulties in the way of the teaching of French, except in such fashion as French is taught amongst ourselves. This would certainly seem against the spirit and the letter of the 1867 Act, so far as Ontario is concerned.

Here, then, one has reason to suspect, judging from past history, that it is not mere hostility to French that actuates the majority in Ontario, but hostility to that with which French is commonly associated in Canada (as is Irish in England), viz., the Catholic religion. That, at any rate, is the feeling amongst French Canadians, whose aim is to protect their language as one of the bulwarks of their Faith. However, the preservation of the Faith in Ireland, in spite of the practical extinction of Gaelic, shows that language is not an essential bulwark, and this, we may presume, inclines many English-speaking Canadian Catholics to side against the French in this controversy. But the voting in the Dominion Parliament (May 11th) on the amendment intended to secure the rights of French in the bilingual schools of Ontario revealed the fact that twelve French Conservatives, representing Quebec, either did not support the amendment or voted against it. If our well-informed contributor cannot explain the hostility of certain English-speaking clergy to French aspirations in Ontario, he must be still more at a loss to account for the attitude of these French Catholics. In any case, the outside observer is profoundly puzzled by the whole situation. The only thing clear is that the sentiments of race and nationality may be as powerful for evil as for good in the matter of religion.

**Commercial  
Warfare.**

In this connection we cannot much regret that an organization, professedly founded to promote racial hatred, the Anti-German League, has gone into bankruptcy, whilst its founder has been committed for trial on the charge of fraud. The express

<sup>1</sup> See "The Manitoba School Question," by J. G. Colclough, *THE MONTH*, February, 1896.

object of this association, which at the beginning obtained a certain amount of support from thoughtless people, seemed to us radically immoral as well as opposed to public policy. There is nothing more to be dreaded in the interests of Christian civilization than the perpetuation of the war spirit after the war. There is great danger lest, in adopting means to preserve our trade and industry from the "peaceful penetration" practised to our detriment by a treacherous foe before the war, we should ourselves set aside, as he did, regard for justice and common right. Unjust aggression is as wrong in commerce as it is in war. To organize for attack, and not merely for defence, is, as we have seen, to provoke counter-attack. To deny to others fair means of competition is to invite them to use unfair. To desire or attempt to prevent large populations from developing their resources in a lawful way, to aim at keeping them in economic poverty, is not only wrong but prejudicial to the general prosperity. The ideal of a "self-contained Empire" is an admirable and even a necessary one, on the assumption that the States of the world can never reach a more stable condition than that of an armed peace. But the higher ideal is surely that realized in every civilized community, viz., security based on common observance of law sanctioned by the public conscience and by certain official guardians. And whilst tending towards that ideal we should avoid taking up an attitude or adopting a policy which would seem to despair of it or to postpone it indefinitely. In this matter, one is obliged to keep to generalities, for the question bristles with difficulties. If the point where the State's interests may override those of the citizen is often obscure, much more vague is the point where a nation, for the welfare of humanity at large, should desist in pursuing what is merely its own advantage. In the Prussian theory there is no such point, but Christian teaching, crystallized into the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," has established and to some extent defined it.

**More Production Needed.** There can be no doubt, however, that the policy sketched in the Conference of the Association of Chambers of Commerce, held at the beginning of March, in London, is thoroughly sound both in ethics and economics. It is summarized in the following resolution:—

This association desires to place on record for the guidance of those who follow us in days to come that, in the experience of this association, this war has shown that the strength and safety of the nation in times of national peril lie in the possession by this nation of power to produce its requirements from its own soil and factories, rather than in the possession of values or symbols of value which may be exported and exchanged for such products and manufac-

tures of foreign countries as can be procured abroad and imported here from over the seas to meet this nation's requirements.

In plainer words, national strength, in peace as well as in war, depends more upon the nation's ability to find all it needs within its own boundaries rather than upon the possession of wealth enabling it to buy from abroad—power of production is of more national importance than power of exchange. This, we understand, is the gist of Mr. Hughes' repeated counsels, conveyed in many stimulating speeches. A country which can and does not support its own inhabitants is being in some way misused. A nation, some 10 or 12 millions of whose members have not a decent living wage, is not in a safe or healthy condition. Immense fortunes gained as middleman's profits, or as the result of money-lending in its widest sense, are no real index of prosperity. We have just passed the 25th anniversary of Leo XIII.'s epoch-making Encyclical, *On the Condition of the Working Classes*. The evils therein denounced—industrial slavery, sweated labour, class-dissension—are still too prevalent. As a result of this war there is a better chance of their removal. Britain, says Mr. Hughes, must be born again and, as one result of that rebirth, there must be "healthy conditions of labour and the payment of that fair and reasonable wage to every worker that will enable him to marry, to rear a family and enjoy such a standard of comfort as befits free human beings in a highly civilized community." Thus the Labour Leader echoes the very words of the great Pontiff.

**Short-sighted  
Extremists.**

"It is a dangerous way of reasoning in physics, as well as in morals, [wrote Burke to Arthur Young] to conclude, because a given proportion of anything is advantageous, that the double will be twice as good, or that it will be good at all." This warning comes readily to mind when one reads certain proposals made by some enthusiastic people relative to conscription. One M.P. has moved that the military age should be raised to 50. Another asked the Prime Minister to introduce a measure "to compulsorily enrol every woman and man between the ages of 16 and 60, with a view of applying their services in the most profitable manner for the benefit of the State," whereupon that weary official, schooled to suffer fools gladly, replied with exemplary mildness—"I do not think that is a practicable suggestion." Other extremists, even such anti-Socialists as the Editor of the *Spectator*, are all for compulsion of one sort or another, and making a colossal effort at "regimenting" a nation of forty-four millions in the very crisis of the world-war. Happily, such extravagances



answer themselves. The difficulty of properly digesting what we have already bitten off is patent to everybody. Only about one-tenth of our 5 million fighting-men is engaged in fighting. How many new divisions could be created if all the able-bodied men employed in clerical, domestic, and administrative Army work were replaced by women, by Volunteers, or by partially disabled soldiers? Yet the business of freeing such men is proceeding very slowly. This is not the time to clog the machinery further.

**Untrained  
Consciences.**

A correspondent, writing to a weekly paper lately, said—"No Catholics have appeared as conscientious objectors." The editor cautiously replied—"You are saying more than I know.

I hope it is true." Alas! that it should not be true. In the Catholic Church at any rate there should be refuge from extremes and no room for divergent moral judgments. Yet judging by cases reported at the Tribunals, and from letters to our newspapers, some men claiming to be members of the Catholic Church have directly opposed her teaching and insisted on the intrinsic malice of war. No doubt, they do not realize the full logical effect of their tenet, which is equivalently a heresy: if war is intrinsically evil, then the Church which approves war on occasion has gone wrong on a capital point of morality. Others, again, confuse a judgment as to the merits of this particular war with a pronouncement on war in general, and refuse to serve because they are not convinced we have a just cause. This, of course, is a question on which opinion is free; it is a matter of evidence which each man must weigh for himself. If anyone chooses to say,—"in spite of all the evidence produced, in spite of the practically unanimous opinion of men better informed than myself, in spite of the direct leading and encouragement of my ecclesiastical superiors, I find good reason to doubt whether we are justified in opposing Germany"—there is nothing for so strongminded and independent a character to do except follow his judgment and decline to take an active part in the war. Assuming that he does not consider war evil in itself, but only this particular war evil, it is not for the Church to dictate his political views, though she may pray for a rectification of them. *Ætatem habet*: his is the responsibility. But his attitude, however sincere, savours somewhat of presumption: he says implicitly—1) "I have better materials for judging, and 2) a more unprejudiced mind than the many great and good men in Church and State who, with all the responsibility on them of guiding the nation correctly, have pronounced unanimously for the justice of our cause."

And, in any case, his objection to fighting cannot logically extend to national service in a non-combatant capacity according to the behest and direction of the State in this crisis.



**The Duty  
of "forming"  
Conscience.**

So it is true in a sense that no Catholic can be a conscientious objector to war. If he asserts his own judgment against that of the Church in a matter of primary moral importance he rules himself out of the Church: he is no longer a Catholic. Conscientious objectors of this sort are not to be admired, although they may be pitied: they are doing what they can to obscure the moral teaching of which the Church is the infallible exponent. If they refuse to fight because they think the British cause unjust, they are right so long as they are of this conviction: but they are under the obligation of justifying their conviction by objective evidence, for there is question of refusing a service which presses in general upon all citizens of military age whenever the State calls upon them. A mere subjective feeling that the shedding of blood is unpleasant, whether one's own or another's, does not excuse one: many of our Christian duties are unpleasant. The reasoning which enables the soldier in action to rectify his conscience, *sc.*, that in default of solid grounds for thinking otherwise he is justified in assuming that his superiors, who have so much better opportunities than he of learning the truth, are right in their general and detailed orders, applies as well to the conscript.

**President Wilson  
and Submarine  
Warfare.**

We are delighted to see that the American President, in his recent communications with Germany on the subject of submarine warfare as conducted by that Power, insists not only on the immorality of this instrument of warfare so used, but on the essential distinction between combatants and non-combatants, characteristic of civilized warfare. The Government of the United States, writes the President,

assumed [on the occasion of the proclamation of the "German blockade"] the standpoint that such a policy could not be followed without permanent, serious and evident violations of recognized international law, especially if submarines should be employed as its instruments, because the rules of international law resting on the principles of humanity and established for the protection of the life of non-combatants at sea could not in the nature of things be observed by such vessels.<sup>1</sup>

This is a valuable protest clearly expressed and unshakeable in logic. It condemns the doctrine practised, and to some extent professed, by our foes—that the "necessities" of war justify any measures that have a military advantage. It restores the distinction established, or at least developed, by Christianity, but somewhat obscured by German tactics, between combatants and non-combatants, a distinction which even the German War-Book recognizes, and which, though its limits are necessarily somewhat arbitrary, is of the greatest importance if warfare is to

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Wilson's "Note." *The Times*, April 26, 1916.

be prevented from reverting to savagery. The American "Note" stands on record, moreover, as being really effective, for the submarine campaign which it condemns has well-nigh ceased to be waged.

**War  
and Arbitration.**

A very full and clear restatement of the objects for which the Allies are fighting and the reasons which forced them to fight was made by Sir Edward Grey to the representative of an American paper about the middle of May. It is the more valuable because it contains an eloquent denunciation of the "war-method" of settling international disputes:

Industry and commerce dislocated: the burdens of life heavily increased: millions of men slain, maimed, blinded; international hatreds deepened and intensified: the very fabric of civilization menaced—these form the war-method. The Conference we proposed . . . would have settled the question in a little time—I think a Conference would have settled it in a week—and all these calamities would have been averted. Moreover, a thing of vast importance, we should have advanced a long way in laying the permanent foundations for international peace.

It is the fashion sometimes to laugh at arbitration-courts and to deride "The Palace of Peace" at the Hague, which is as sensible as to scorn tribunals of the law because some bully, conscious of a bad case, avenges an alleged insult with a horsewhip.

**The First Gospel  
in the "Westminster  
Version."**

The "Westminster Version" of the Sacred Scriptures, that long-delayed attempt to provide English-speaking Catholics with a "readable Bible," accurate in meaning and attractive in presentment, has hitherto been mainly confined to the Epistles of St. Paul, undoubtedly the portion of the New Testament which has suffered most from defective translation and arrangement. Now, after a somewhat long interval due to the war, the first of the Gospels to be translated has appeared from the scholarly pen of the Rev. Joseph Dean, Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Liverpool Diocesan College of Upholland. St. Paul is not commonly read by the faithful on account of the drawbacks mentioned above, or, at least, he has not been read hitherto, though now his treasures of doctrine and piety are more accessible, but "St. Mark" will afford them an opportunity of contrasting from their own knowledge the old and the new. We shall be surprised if, in spite of their familiarity with the former, they do not discover new beauties and a deeper richness of meaning in Dr. Dean's version. However, we need say no more, as the book has been appraised in the current issue by an eminent Scripture scholar, himself one of the future contributors to the Version.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Conscience, Liberty of, and Private Judgment** [T. Slater, S.J., in *Catholic Times*, May 19, 1916, p. 5].

**Evolution**, Prof. Osborn's vain defence of [J. J. Walsh in *Catholic World*, May, 1916, p. 207].

**Truth, False Love of: Nature of Faith** [E. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, March 26, April 8, April 15, April 29, 1916, pp. 111, 141, 151, 171].

**Vincent of Lerins, The Canon of** [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, June, 1916, p. 497].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglican Sophistries**, Mr. Lacey's [*Tablet*, May 20, 1916, p. 648].

**Jesuit Morality: The End justifies the Means** [E. Hull, S.J., in *Examiner*, April 1st—29th, 1916, pp. 121, 132, 143, 153, 173].

**Well's Socialism**, Discussion of Mr. [T. F. Woodlock in *Catholic World*, May, 1916, p. 145].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Charity**, Attempts to paganize [P. L. Blakely, S.J., in *America*, May 13, 1916, p. 11].

**China**, The Catholic Church in [M. Kennelly, S.J., in *Universe*, April 28, 1916, p. 7].

**Damien**, Another libeller of Fr. [L. W. Keiler in *America*, May 13, 1916, p. 108].

**France: The Faith of War-Orphans in danger** [M. Barrès, quoted in *Revue du Clergé Français*, May 15, 1916, p. 352].

**French Priests at the Front** [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, May 15, 1916, p. 289].

**Mexico: Huerta vindicated** [C. E. d'Arnoux in *Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), May 1, 1916, p. 132].

**Ontario School Question, The** [F. W. Grey in *Month*, June, 1916, p. 528].

**Poland, The Future of** [Rev. T. J. Brennan in *Catholic World*, May, 1916, p. 174].

**Pope's Condemnation of War against non-combatants** [*Tablet*, May 6, 1916, p. 597]. **The Popes and Peace** [J. C. Rivelle in *America*, April 29, May 6 and 13, 1916, pp. 53, 102].

**Rosary Origins: Genuflexions and Aves. II.** [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, June, 1916, p. 546].

**Slavery and the Early Church** [Rev. P. J. Healy in *Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1916, p. 537].

**Social Hygiene, Danger of Instruction in** [J. J. Walsh in *America*, April 29, 1916, p. 55].





# REVIEWS

## I—ST. MARK IN THE WESTMINSTER VERSION<sup>1</sup>

THOSE who are interested in the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures will assuredly welcome St. Mark, the first of the Gospels to appear in this English rendering. It is only natural that the Gospel of St. Mark should have been chosen to facilitate future uniformity in translating parallel passages, considering that the matter of this Gospel occurs in the two other Synoptics almost in its entirety. If in the translation of St. Paul's Epistles, difficult Greek conveying difficult conceptions, the translators have sometimes tended to admit exegesis into the text, no such ground of complaint can be found in Dr. Dean's translation of St. Mark; it is very close to the Greek text indeed, and does not allow itself any unnecessary freedom with the actual words of the original. The terse and vivid style of the Second Evangelist is very ably imitated in the English. The printer's art in setting out dialogues and the paragraphing of our Lord's speeches leave little to be desired; in fact, if criticism must be made, it would certainly be in regard of the superabundance of such typographical devices rather than of their lack. Some pages distract the eye a little with too many spacings, inverted commas and insets.

The ten pages of Introduction are quite remarkable for giving ample information in a very condensed form and with such lucid simplicity that the general reader can easily grasp and remember the salient facts. Sometimes we grudge the space given to unnecessary references, as *v.g.*, "Salmond, in Hastings' *Dict. Bib.* iii. p. 251," or "Westcott, *Introd. to the Study of the Gospels*, p. 366. 8th ed.", and a few others, where the statements in the text hardly needed any corroboration by the quotation of a particular name. Everyone realizes that so short an introduction is but a mosaic of the ascertained facts, taken from the most prominent scholars. We confess to a certain surprise, however, that amongst so many authors quoted by Dr. Dean there is no reference to a

<sup>1</sup> The New Testament, Vol. I. Part II. *The Gospel according to St. Mark*. Translated by the Rev. Joseph Dean, D.D., Ph.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture. London: Longmans. Pp. xviii. 84. Price, 1s. net (wrapper), 1s. 6d. net (boards).

commentary on St. Mark by a Catholic scholar that has appeared of late, I mean M. J. Lagrange's *Evangile selon Saint Marc*. (Paris: Gabalda, 1911.)

The notes on the text, however brief, are very telling, and refer to matters the ordinary reader is likely to be naturally inquisitive about. In one instance, however (the note on the word Gerasenes), the author touches a point of purely scholarly interest, and might have been cut short by a dozen lines and the loss not felt by the general public; on the other hand we fear that the general reader will be somewhat dissatisfied with the note on XIII. 4.

Perhaps no section of the Synoptic Gospels is subject of fiercer discussion nowadays than the so-called "Little Apocalypse," and the proverbial "man in the street" has by this time heard of "the eschatological ideas of Jesus," and will eagerly take up the Westminster Version for some terse, precise, and helpful words on the point. As a matter of fact, the theological speculations therein given are somewhat inadequate. It is to be hoped that in the parallel passage of St. Matthew and St. Luke some attempt will be made to meet the problem and some interpretation proposed. True, such an interpretation would be only one amongst several possible ones, but it would be better than none, and then we shall not regret that Dr. Dean in this Gospel gave us the general theological aspect first. In notes such as that on I. 10 and that on IV. 12 one realizes how much excellent and scholarly information it is possible to give in a few lines. It would be difficult to find anywhere anything better of its kind. Father Lattey, in an Appendix of considerable length, gives us an essay on the Chronology and Harmony of the Life of Christ: the first discusses the Census of Quirinius and then the date of Christ's death. He holds that Christ did not eat the Jewish Passover the evening before He died, for His death took place on the afternoon preceding the 15th of Nisan. The date, then, of the Crucifixion would be April 7th, 30, A.D. Christ would have started His public ministry in A.D. 28, at the age of 35. Some may think that St. Luke's phrase, "*quasi annorum triginta*," is thus stretched to the utmost, but after all the reasons advanced are sound, and it would be difficult to find a more satisfactory solution. Considerable space is devoted to the statement and refutation of Chwolson's theory, which the republishing of his book on "the last Pasch of Christ," in 1908, once more brought into



prominence. We think, with Father Lattey, that Chwolson's manipulations of the text, however ingenious, are not of permanent value. On the Continent they were not taken seriously, I think; whereas the explanation based on the "Badhû" rule of the Jewish Calendar has a serious claim on our attention. One is grateful to Father Lattey for his reference to Father Sydney Smith's article in THE MONTH, of March, 1891; it would be difficult to find anywhere a simpler and clearer statement of the problem for the ordinary educated English reader, and it is particularly valuable for its Patristic quotations showing that the dating of Christ's death on the 14th of Nisan is, after all, no novelty of modern High Criticism. Instead of the space devoted to Chwolson, a statement of, and answer to, the reasons advanced by a Catholic scholar for dating Christ's death on the 15th of Nisan would have been welcome, *v.g.*, Van Bebbber, *Zür Chronologie des Leben's Jesu*. Of discussions, however, on this intricate problem there is no end. Meanwhile we are grateful for the excellent rendering of St. Mark here given us by Dr. Dean, which will, we trust, have the effect of introducing the Westminster Version to a still wider circle of readers than St. Paul could hope to command. We do not propose to illustrate in detail the differences between this and the Douay, for this is a matter the reader will best appreciate by his own experience.

J. P. A.

## 2—THE THEORY OF ABSTRACT ETHICS<sup>1</sup>

THIS is one of the many books written on behalf of Ethical Theories that claim to supply the place of the old Christian theory of Ethics. This latter is considered by the modern inventors of all these substitutes to be discredited as resting on the supposition of a supreme God who has dictated its laws and whose method of securing their observance is by enforcing a system of sanctions by rewards and punishments, a method which is said to rob the observance thus obtained of its moral quality. We need not say that Kant is the philosopher whose name is primarily associated with this attitude towards the traditional ethics. The sense of obligation, which man naturally feels in face of the moral law, according to Kant is expressed by what he calls the "categorical imperative"; that is, the dictate that says "do this,"

<sup>1</sup> By R. W. Whittaker, B.D. Cambridge: at the University Press. Pp. viii, 126. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1915.

"avoid that," not because it is the essential condition, if you wish to gain some definite good, or avoid some definite evil, but simply and solely because it is right to do the one and avoid the other. But obviously the further question at once arises, Why is this right and that wrong? And it is a question hard to answer without assigning some end conducing to the welfare of rational beings, of one class or another, which the one course or the other tends to promote. It is here that the Utilitarian theory of morals seems to triumph, but no doubt the Kantian theory is on strong ground when it urges against the Utilitarians that to act only for the sake of gaining an end is felt not to consist with the essential sanctity of moral action. Mr. Whittaker is by no means a clear writer, or rather is one who has the appearance of writing for an esoteric circle only, and is loftily contemptuous of the modes of thought and feeling of ordinary folk. Hence we cannot feel any certainty, in spite of the excessive time we have spent in trying to fathom it, whether we have succeeded in grasping his meaning. But we fancy it is something of this kind. Utilitarians cannot get out of their ends stringent obligation. Rationalists cannot get out of their forms or laws any actual end to be pursued. But here comes in the reconciliation between the two systems. "Just because the ends are not in themselves obligatory, while yet all the content of human life depends on them, there is room for the selection of different ends. But while these are not pointed out by the moral law, the moral law assigns limiting conditions to their pursuit. It is at certain critical points, when these conditions are definitely in question, that strictly moral choice occurs. . . . Thus there is no specially 'moral life'; but morality in the distinctive sense is of universal obligation."

If these words have the purport one would naturally assign to them, their meaning would seem to be that, to take an example (the sort of thing the author is unduly chary of doing), a man might give his life to science, or to art, or agriculture, or amusement, and in making such a selection he would be using his right, but yet is not engaged in any moral action save occasionally and incidentally in so far as some obligation of justice to another may arise in the course of his labours; for instance, when he is working for another to whom he is bound by some species of contract to supply goods or to avoid invasion of interests. And this agrees with the part he assigns, with Professor Juvalta, to the political

Power in its relation to the morals and religions of its subjects, which is that of providing congenial external conditions. The subjects choose their own aims which they are entitled to pursue, and in their pursuit of which their different ideals involve them in continual conflicts. These conflicts, however, arising as they do out of "a diversity of valuations, each claiming universal validity," lead only to "the increase of culture and of spiritual elevation." "It is the values for which the political Power stands, the universal moral values of liberty and justice, that impose limits in the conflicts."

There is much truth in this, which is indeed generally admitted, though the writer leaves out a moral element in these selected aims of life-long pursuit which Catholic ethics would be careful to include. But how would the author meet the obvious criticism that he is leaving out of account the one point which it behoved him to expound? Granting that "the moral law assigns limiting conditions of the pursuit of otherwise lawful ends," is it not just these limiting conditions that Rationalists have to get out of their forms and laws? And how can they get them from this source as long as they deny themselves the right to reason from ends?

### 3—THE LIFE OF PÈRE JOYARD, S.J.<sup>1</sup>

IT was quite worth while to bring out an English version of the *Life of the Late Père Henri Joyard*, a French Jesuit Father who died at Canterbury, only eleven years ago. The French original had, we understand, a very good circulation across the Channel, and the same may be predicted for this English translation, as soon as it gets known; for it is the life of a man of marked personality who exercised in his quiet way a wide spiritual influence, not indeed in Paris itself, but in the provincial towns of France, from the Belgian frontier to the shores of the Mediterranean. The book is brightly written, and draws a vivid picture of a typical French Jesuit and of the work which falls to the lot of the Society so plentifully, even under the restrictions which anti-clericalism imposes. It also contains, as the brief Preface to the

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Père Henri Joyard, S.J.* By Père André Durand, S.J. Translated into English by a Sister of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary. With a Preface by Cardinal de Cabrières. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. xvi, 292. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1916.

English version notes, an abundance of devotional documents which will make it a favourite and useful book for spiritual reading.

Henri Joyard was born in 1835, and was the son of a fine old French Catholic who had been an officer of the Life Guards in the time of Charles X., a man loyal to the core in his attachment to the Catholic Faith and to the duties and discipline of the Christian life. His mother, who died when her son was in his thirteenth year, was a woman of truly saintly life, for whose memory both her husband and her son cherished always a deep reverence. The son was true to the type set him by his parents, though during his school years he was somewhat lazy and wayward, to the intense distress of his father, who took a most depressing view of his probable future. But by his sixteenth year a change came over the prodigal, who, after making a school Retreat, felt himself called to the religious life in the Society of Jesus. From that time the accord between father and son was complete, and the letters that passed between them form a pleasing feature in this biography. He entered the noviceship at Lyons in 1852. His ordination to the priesthood was in 1867, and from that time onwards the ministry of preaching, Retreat-giving and Conference-giving, together with the direction of souls for which he became remarkable, fully absorbed his time. Thus at the very beginning of his priestly life, when he had completed his tertianship, invitations to preach began to flow in from all sides. Between 1872 and 1873 he gave no less than fifteen Retreats, in addition to his ordinary work of preaching. "Young housekeepers, Ladies of Calvary, Children of Mary, religious communities of both sexes vied with one another in asking for him again and again." Many years after when he had returned to Lyons he mentions incidentally that during the first two months of his residence there he had preached 108 times. And this sort of thing was going on continually with him. His ministrations were to persons of all classes, pastoral Retreats to the clergy in many a diocese each year, monthly days of recollection to laymen, Retreats in colleges and seminaries, frequent addresses to the Christian Mothers and Children of Mary, Retreats to working men and women, in whom he took a special interest—followed one another in never ending succession. It is the regular work of many a Jesuit Father, but few have their hands quite so full as Père Joyard appears

to have had his, and wherever he went he was entreated to return, and never seemed to have outlived his welcome.

He does not seem to have been an orator in the accepted sense of the word. Indeed he disliked what he called sublime preaching. His endeavour was to express himself clearly and to put his thoughts in such form that they would arrest attention and sink in deeply. "He never sought after oratorical effects; he spoke as if conversing, but in a tone quickened by infectious emotions. His delivery was very clear, incisive, penetrating, with an irresistible accent of conviction. One's attention was captured from the beginning, and one followed him to the end without difficulty, first because he felt keenly himself and also because he was never vague. Everything had reference to the audience and was suited to it." A feature in his character was his brusqueness, which sometimes repelled those who came into contact with him for the first time, but the brusqueness was only on the surface. Beneath was a warm heart, and a very deep gift of sympathy with all who were in need, whether spiritual or temporal.

Such was Père Joyard, or rather such is an introduction to this fine specimen of a zealous priest, for to arrive at a distinct conception of his personality one must look to the individual incidents of which this biography has preserved so many; for, to quote the words of Cardinal de Cabrières in his Preface to the author, "it is a joy to find on nearly every page of your delightful volume some exquisite quotation, a striking sentence, a piquant anecdote, or a number of tiny scenes from real life, illustrating the attractive and unforgettable personality of this great hunter of souls."

#### 4—THE LANGUAGE FAMILIES OF AFRICA<sup>1</sup>

"AN attempt to give in short but scholarly form an account of all the African languages; it should be of great service to those who have any connection, missionary or otherwise, with that Continent." Such a publication is of course intended for those who have not yet made a study of any African language, and who wish to get a general idea of the structure of these various tongues, as it is impossible to enter into detailed questions concerning more than 400

<sup>1</sup> By A. Werner, Lecturer in Swahili, King's College, London. London: S.P.C.K. 8vo, pp. 149. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1915.

on less than 150 pages. Therefore the author chiefly treats of the general principles of the five main families: 1. the Sudan family, isolating; 2. the Bantu family, agglutinating; 3. the Hamitic family, inflexional; 4. the Bushman group, doubtful at present; 5. the Semitic family, inflexional; and gives many interesting examples in different languages, to illustrate the general laws of these groups. The phonetics are rightly insisted upon, but it will be an insuperable difficulty for the missionaries to introduce so many new characters in their elementary publications for the natives, so that the recommendations to use these characters are not practical, although correct in theory. The key to the Bantu languages is found by the author in the Fula language, which is treated in chapter vi. according to the publications of Westermann and Meinhof in vol. 65 of the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (1911). To the eight chapters is added a select Bibliography, where we read, p. 148: "Father Torrend's 'Comparative Grammar' is not recommended for reasons very ably set forth by Professor Meinhof in his 'Grundzüge einer vergleichenden Grammatik der Bantu Sprachen, Berlin (Dietrich Reimer) 1906.' The advanced student, however, may extract a good deal of profit, as well as some amusement from its pages." A sketch map to illustrate "the language families of Africa" is added at the end of this interesting booklet, which will give to many readers quite new information about a subject of general interest, without involving them in small details.

#### 5—EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL TRACTS<sup>1</sup>

MATHEMATICS may be conveniently divided into three parts, pure, applied, and practical. Pure Mathematics is distinguished by its abstract theorems, established with great rigour, and is the foundation of the remaining divisions. In Applied Mathematics we seek to correlate and co-ordinate experimental results by means of a mathematical theory, whether these results be obtained from Mechanics or

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Descriptive Geometry and Photogrammetry*. By E. Lindsay Ince, M.A., B.Sc.

(2) *Interpolation and Numerical Integration*. By D. Gibb, M.A., B.Sc.

(3) *Relativity*. By Professor A. W. Conway, M.A., F.R.S.

(4) *Fourier's Analysis and Periodogram Analysis*. By G. A. Carse, M.A., D.Sc., and G. Shearer, M.A., B.Sc.

(5) *Solution of Spherical Triangles*. By H. Bell, M.A., B.Sc.

(6) *The Theory of Automorphic Functions*. By L. R. Ford, M.A.

Physics or Engineering. Practical Mathematics brings us from the regions of abstract theory and demands practical and concrete computations such as are required in astronomy, navigation, ship-building and aviation.

It is quite possible for a student to devote the whole of his energies to either Pure or Applied Mathematics, but such a course has many dangers. It leads to unreality, excessive theorizing, and a waste of valuable time which might have been profitably devoted to such an urgent problem as the stability of aeroplanes. Professor Whittaker has therefore established a mathematical laboratory at Edinburgh furnished with calculating machines and other apparatus required by the modern computer, and requires the mathematical student to spend part of his time in working out concrete applications of his pure mathematics.

The Edinburgh Mathematical Tracts represent for the most part the result of work already done in the laboratory, and the rest are monographs on some particular branch of mathematics.

The first tract shows how it is possible to work out three dimensional problems by means of figures drawn in one plane, and also shows how to determine the configuration of land from photographs of the same. Astronomy and Navigation both require a knowledge of spherical trigonometry, and the most practical methods are well worked out in the fifth tract. Special mention must be made of the "nomographes" (abacs) introduced at the end of the book. They afford a most simple and instantaneous means of working out certain problems, and for this reason they have already found a place in English Military Manuals on Engineering. The remaining tracts hardly call for detailed review, as they will only appeal to specialists.

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#### 6—INSTRUCTIONS ON THE ATONEMENT<sup>1</sup>

THE Atonement is a doctrinal fact, the certainty of which is affirmed most clearly in the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, not to speak of such anticipatory predictions as are contained in some of the Psalms and Prophetical books, particularly in *Isaias*. Some very revolting

<sup>1</sup> By Paul B. Bull, M.A., of the Community of the Resurrection. London: Longmans. Pp. x, 132. Price, 3s. 6d.



theories as to its nature were propounded by the Protestant Reformers which still linger in the minds of some of their modern followers and colour their devotional language. It is not surprising therefore that present-day Rationalism should have utilized this language as a means of stirring up a revolt against the doctrine itself, which they confound with this parody of it. The subject therefore needs elucidation with a special view to these Protestant misconceptions, and Father Bull, of the Mirfield Community, took it in hand in some addresses given at St. Paul's Cathedral in the Lent of 1914. The little book now sent us for review is a republication of those addresses, which have been slightly revised.

The author, in his Preface, tells us that to his mind the Atonement is a subject so personal and intimate that it demands something more than the cold treatment of scientific theology, and he has in consequence tried to treat it "from the point of view of the experience of life and love, and to urge the duty of keeping the whole process of the Atonement in view lest we lose the proportion of faith." Here we get the explanation of a certain vagueness of conception which characterizes these addresses, well intended as they are, and on the whole in conformity with Catholic doctrine. It is of course quite true that a subject like the Atonement needs to be treated in a way that will bring out the affective aspects, the living flesh and blood which clothes the bare doctrinal skeleton that theology defines. But the artist knows the importance of getting his anatomy right before he can proceed to paint in the clothing and colouring, and so too the underlying theological items must be precise, or the preacher's affective treatment will fail to convince.

To begin with, one would have liked a little more care taken with the word Atonement itself in assigning its meaning. Atonement is an English word which if derived from "at one" is not really suited to bear the theological meaning in which it is ordinarily employed, that is to say, the meaning of "expiation" or "satisfaction." Rather it should be used as an equivalent of "reconciliation," and so applied to denote the entire process of reconciling the sinner to God, of which process "expiation" and "satisfaction" are the central elements. If too this distinction of terms had been observed, it would have served to make clear the nature of Father Bull's

argument, which is to explain the whole process of reconciliation. As it is, the effect of confounding the two terms is to obscure the significance of the expiatory element. The author as to that is on right lines when he insists on the Gospel of Identification rather than on that of Substitution, though he does not see that we cannot exclude altogether the idea of substitution which is ingrained in such phrases as "He gave Himself for me." But the chief omission is that we have from him nothing about the "price" paid for man's redemption, and how the Sacrifice of Calvary amounts to an equivalent payment for it. We lack in his pages the carefully worked out theory of the great Scholastics, according to which the enormity of the outrage done to God's honour through sin, and the plenitude of the satisfaction offered in reparation by the spotless life and heroic death of our Lord are both measured by the contrast between the infinite personality of Christ and the created personality of man. Another point in which the author fails in precision in his concepts is in his distinction between venial and mortal sin. The gravity of mortal sin is the outcome of the *two* elements which constitute it, the seriousness of the offence in itself, and the full deliberateness with which it is committed. The author appears to pass over the first of these elements altogether.

## SHORT NOTICES

### APOLOGETIC.

**A**NOTHER "authorized translation" from the French reaches us from Mr. B. Herder in **The Expansion of Christianity in the First Three Centuries according to the Conclusions of Harnack** (price, 2s. net), by the Rev. Jean Rivière—a little work of importance far exceeding its size, and too well known to all who have followed the recent literature on the subject to need more than a mention in these pages. We would take opportunity, however, to commend this little book especially to the beginner in apologetic studies; its distinguished scholarship and its carefully objective method, make it a model of argument, and its close and constant reference to the most distinguished of non-Catholic scholars and historians gives it unfailing *actualité*.

### DEVOTIONAL.

The Rev. J. Degen gives us in **Christian Armour for Youth** (Washbourne: price 1s. net) a little volume of "considerations" for boys which the Bishop of Sebastopolis recommends in his Preface as "suggestive and helpful." They have the great advantage of conciseness and clarity. Whether their standpoint is not rather too much that of the adult may perhaps be doubt-

ful; however, degrees of development vary so much in boys that we have no doubt Father Degen's excellent volume will find an appreciative audience.

One of the beautiful books of the year has been Messrs. Burns and Oates' issue, with the aid of the Medici Society, of ten reproductions in colour, after Fra Angelico, of scenes from the Passion of our Lord, accompanied by Scripture texts selected by Fr. Kent, O.S.C., and preceded by an Essay by Fr. Martindale. The product of so much loving care, **With Dyed Garments**, is one of those deeply satisfying art-books which one does not merely glance through and put on a drawing-room table, but studies again and again with always quickened appreciation. The two last pictures, in particular, are amazing, not more in themselves than in the extent to which the reproductions convey the feeling of the original works. Even without Fr. Martindale's elaborate and deeply-penetrating Essay, the price of the work—4s. 6d. net.—would be extraordinarily low.

There is much to be said about Fra Angelico, but after all one finds oneself always recurring to an outstanding thing in his art—his treatment of the Sacred Face of our Saviour. The Friar was an artist (like few others) able not to shirk that Subject, and it is instructive to study his conception as compared on the one hand with Dürer's, so disturbing and repellent, and on the other hand with that of the Holy Shroud of Turin. The devout student of the Passion of our Lord will find much on this point that both enlightens and edifies in another of Messrs. Burns and Oates' recent publications—**Devotion to the Holy Face**, by Miss E. Seton (price, 1s. 6d. net). The theology, history, and practice of this devotion are here very fully set forth, and the latter half of the book is devoted to various prayers and devotions gathered from far and wide. We feel, however, that if possible it would be better in a future edition to replace the wood-cut or imitation wood-cut of the Dürer Face on page 71 by an inset reproduction of that of the Holy Shroud, and remove it altogether from the cover of the book. We heartily agree with Miss Seton's preference for the latter, which, in the words she quotes from Mgr. Barnes, "preserves the traditional likeness, and yet goes beyond any other in some characteristics of dignity and suffering."

#### HISTORICAL.

This interesting collection of historical studies which Professor W. P. M. Kennedy, of Toronto, publishes under the title **Studies in Tudor History** (Constable: 5s. n.) illustrates, says the Preface, "the ideal of Tudor government," *i.e.*, that exercised from Henry VII. to Elizabeth. Of the aspects selected nearly half regard early Puritanism in various stages, while the Catholic side is illustrated by papers on "the Divorce," "the Difficulties of Queen Mary I.," and on "Two Catholic heroes, Allen and Campion." The author's object, he says, is "to present to the general student and reader some material for further study, connected with subjects which must be treated very briefly in the general histories of the period." This object is upon the whole very felicitously realized. The papers on the Puritans, written sympathetically though in a Catholic tone, are perhaps the best, and the subjects are very rarely treated in distinctively Catholic literature. We cannot, however, approve the omission of authorities, or of advice as to further reading.

## LITURGICAL.

From Mr. Herder of St. Louis, Mo., there comes an authorized translation of the elaborate edition of **The New Psalter of the Roman Breviary**, by Father Fillion, S.S., a Consultor of the Biblical Commission, which has run through many editions in its original French and has in that form been already noticed in our columns. We have here, in the new liturgical order, the whole of the *Novum Psalterium* with a translation on the opposite pages, succinct exegetical notes below, and a general Introduction containing a good deal of useful matter not easily to be found elsewhere in popular form. The section on the Latin of the Psalterium, its linguistic peculiarities and its special vocabulary, is particularly welcome. The price is 6s. net.

Messrs. Burns and Oates' Liturgical Series grows in scope and volume with a happy rapidity. Of more than antiquarian interest is their reproduction of the 1741 impression of Bishop Challoner's **The Garden of the Soul**, exactly as its author left it, save for the few necessary alterations in the Kalendar and the Liturgical matter. *Chacun à son goût*, and we have no doubt that many Catholics will share our preference for Bishop Challoner over his modern adapters, and anyhow, for those who want them, there are plenty of other editions, "edited," as Dr. Burton says, "out of all recognition." The price of the book, printed in two colours, in a fine old type of design contemporary with the Bishop, is very low at eighteen-pence. A further volume of beauty and usefulness alike is the liturgical edition, issued at the same price, of **The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin**. We may take the opportunity here to correct a misapprehension arising out of our notice last month of the *Horae Diurnae*. It is pointed out that our estimate of possible profit was vitiated by lack of allowance for the discounts publishers have to grant to retailers. We had not forgotten the point, but considered that, for the purposes of the roughest possible estimate, we might set against this the much higher rate expected on the sale (very large, we trust) of the better bound copies, and the exceptional fact of the publishers being to so large an extent their own retailers. However, as we said, we should consider even the possibly over-stated profit we estimated to have been well earned and well deserved.

## FICTION.

One's first thought on reading the title **Back to the World** (Chapman and Hall : 6s.) was that Miss Mary Wall had set out to describe a vocation *manquée*. But the book treats with much psychological insight of the sensations of a discharged lunatic, rendered insane in childbirth by the callousness of an unsympathetic husband, and "put away" for the space of twenty years. How life looks after such an experience to a good woman is sketched in detail—her relations towards her husband, towards an innocent lover of that husband, towards a late-discovered daughter, now become a Sister of Charity, and so forth. Despite a certain crudeness in execution the story maintains its interest : only the character of the husband is rather dimly outlined and it is not made clear what possible attraction he could have for anyone.

Father Richard Aumerle Maher has followed up his sociological novel which we welcomed in January, by one which has a more directly religious interest, but which touches upon those problems of industry regarding

which he has so clear an insight. **The Shepherd of the North** (Macmillan, price, 6s. net) is written around the dominating figure of a Bishop in the Adirondack country at the back of New York State—a convert and a hero of the Civil War, and at once a “natural saint” and a born leader of men—it is also an exciting story of plot and counterplot, of adventure, and even of tragedy—though here light shines through the darkness—the Light of Faith. The religious interest deals with the psychology of conversion and with such practical problems as may arise from the necessity of preserving the secret of the confessional. Yet, with all the multiplicity of purpose and interest Father Maher has embraced, he has got all his matter well within the bounds of a well-composed picture, and has still left uncompromised the one outstanding impression of the work—that of the noble figure of his “Shepherd of the North.” We have to thank him for a beautiful and uplifting book.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

It would seem difficult to write anything fresh in refutation of Socialism: the theory—it has never been more than that—has been so thoroughly and so frequently refuted from every point of view, economic, political, social and religious, that the most a new writer can hope to do is to present the case against it in the most clear, fair and telling manner possible. That is exactly what has been done by Mr. B. Elder in his **Socialism** (Herder: 4s. 6d. net). We know of no book of its compass which better groups and expounds the arguments against the various systems which have been advanced by various social reformers who only agree in this that they will not accept the social reform offered by the Catholic Church.

## WAR BOOKS.

Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, gives us in his **Aux Infirmières de France** (Paris, Lethielleux: price 2.25 frs.), a fresh and touching series of considerations addressed to the women of France engaged on the great mission of healing. These words of a spiritual teacher of long experience in the service of the sick and of those who attend upon them will, we trust, be of help to many of our own countrywomen, here and in France, engaged on the same work of mercy. They are always direct, alive, inspiring, and informed with the spirit of deep self-sacrifice and devotion.

The story of **La Belgique Loyale, Héroïque et Malheureuse** (Paris, Plon-Nourrit: price 3 frs.), is sketched for us by a French pen in M. Joseph Boubée's eloquent and forceful volume just issued under that title. Under the three headings of “La Loyale Attente,” “L'Héroïque Effort,” and “La Malheureuse Victime,” the noble, tragic story is set forth, depicted in broad strokes, yet with here and there bits of vivid detail which serve to bring home to the reader some direct appreciation of its horrors. M. Boubée recounts with some fulness the incident of the appeal of the Belgian Bishops, headed by their Cardinal, to the Catholic Bishops of Germany, and the clear but unhappy causes of its ill-success. M. Carton de Wiart supplies a rightly appreciative preface.

The Comte Begouen, whose study of German Catholicism and the War in the *Pages Actuelles* series was so helpful and judicious, has laid us under still further obligation with his **La Guerre Actuelle devant la Conscience Catholique** (Paris, Bloud and Gay: price 60 c.). Bringing to the test of the teaching of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, the great Scholastics, and the modern

Professors of Moral Theology the facts actually arising in the present war, both as to principle and as to practice, the author establishes an overwhelming case against the enemy, which should appeal to the Catholic mind simply as such. His closing reference to the pronouncements of the Holy Father and his Secretary of State are alike judicious and useful. We are convinced that he goes not a whit too far in seeing in the Papal Note of July 6, 1915, a clear condemnation of the German action in the invasion of Belgium.

Of the large batch of the later volumes of *Pages Actuelles*—that admirable series issued by Messrs. Bloud and Gay—which lie before us, one of the most interesting is devoted to the biography of that very noble figure, **La Reine Elisabeth**, by M. Maurice des Ombiaux, at once an informing and a worthy tribute. Daughter of that "well-beloved physician," the Duke Charles Theodore, who happily died long before this war which has severed so many relationships, grand-daughter of that Princess of Braganza who still lives, a Benedictine of St. Cecilia at Ryde, "to pray daily for Belgium and for the Allies," how worthily she has carried on the traditions of her line, this little sketch amply shows. A few injurious rumours, which would have no importance but for their circulation among Catholic neutrals, impel us to add, from our knowledge, that in the case of both King and Queen an admirable Catholicism is the basis of their many other splendid qualities.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

**With Jesus at Holy Mass** (C.T.S. : 1d.) is No. 3 of a series of *Talks for the Little Ones*, which is to be completed in six parts. The author, a Religious of the Holy Child Jesus, provides for her *clientèle* many edifying ideas simply expressed.

**A Catholic at the Front**, Part II. (C.T.S. : 1d.) continues the narration of interesting and edifying episodes of the war, whilst **Chocolate Cigarettes** (C.T.S. : 1d.), by Agnes Henderson, is another addition to the Society's ever-growing stock of stories.

The Irish C.T.S. has recently published in its penny series **The Story of Stephanié**, by Mrs. Eamonn O'Neill ; **The Founder of the Oblates**, by R. F. O'Connor ; **The Retreat of Donal O'Sullivan Beare**, an historical episode ; and **The Wooing of Etain and other Stories**, by M. J. O'Mullane. Also a little sixpenny book, **The Divinity of Jesus Christ**, by Rev. George Roche, S.J., a clear summary of the different proofs of the mystery.

The latest three issues of **American Catholic Mind** (The America Press : 5 cents each), Nos. 7, 8, and 9, contain much valuable matter with which our readers would do well to provide themselves. **Maeterlinck's Philosophy of Life**, *e.g.*, in No. 7, is a thorough exposure of that much overrated "thinker." **Marriage in Mexico** and other papers regarding both North and South America provides first-hand information to refute current calumnies. The price of the series per annum is one dollar.

The Catholic Social Guild, in **Thrift : A National Duty** (1d.), by G. C. King, makes a useful contribution to a pressing problem. Nowhere does fallacy more abound than in matters economic, and Mr. King exposes not a few in his masterly little essay.

The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., takes occasion of the Silver Jubilee (1892—1916) of **The Catholic Summer School of America** (5 cents) to write an interesting account of that most useful institution which has gathered together at different times the greatest names in American Catholic thought.



## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.**  
*The Catholic Mind.* Vol. XIV. Nos. 7, 8, 9. 5 cents each.
- BENZIGER BROS., New York.**  
*Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith.* By Clement Barraud, S.J. 2 Vols. Pp. 406, 341. Price, \$3.00. *Maries of the House d'Anters.* By M. Earls, S.J. Pp. 444. Price, \$1.35.
- BLOUD ET GAY, Paris.**  
*Pages Actuelles.* Nos. 23, 25, 29, 52. Price, 60 c. each.
- BURNS & OATES, London.**  
*Devotion to the Holy Face.* By E. Seton. Pp. 128. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *The Garden of the Soul.* By Bishop Challoner (from 1741 impression). Pp. xv. 301. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *The Little Office B.V.M.* Pp. 94. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *The Life of Francis Thompson.* By Everard Meynell. New edition. Pp. vii. 361. Price, 6s. net. *The Spirit of Bishop Hedley.* Edited with Preface by Prior Cummins, O.S.B. Pp. 144. Price, 1s.
- CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Westminster.**  
*Thrift: A National Duty.* By G. C. King. Pp. 24. Price, 1d.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.**  
*Several Penny Pamphlets.*
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.**  
*The Divinity of Jesus Christ.* By G. R. Roche, S.J. Pp. 96. Price, 1s. Five Penny Pamphlets.
- CONSTABLE, London.**  
*Studies in Tudor History.* By W. P. M. Kennedy, M.A. Pp. v. 340. Price, 5s. net. *Because I am a German.* By H. Fernau. Pp. 154. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- ELKIN MATHEWS, London.**  
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